The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 47 NO. 10
Lessons for January
OCTOBER 1960

Tentacles of Time

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

This autumn season is a world ablaze,
Great hills of fire climbing up the sky.
On rugged ranges, veiling cowls of haze
Mauve-pink, translucent, soften, modify.
A quiet ripeness hangs upon the air,
A rising mist, a whiff of lifted smoke.
New-plowed, the hillsides slumber, brown and bare,
Their crops retrieved from frost's impending stroke.
Above the tented corn the night will hear
The wild geese honking on their southward route.
The label *Finis* written on the year
Marks life fulfilled and severed, rich in fruit.
Already, long white tentacles of time
Prepare extinguishers, cold, furred with rime.

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Transparency by Duncan Edwards, Free Lance Photographers Guild

Frontispiece: Harvest in Umatilla Valley, Oregon
Photograph by Josef Muench

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From Near and Far

I'd like to tell you how much I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. The stories and poems are always so very interesting, and the articles by our Church leaders are always so inspiring. Our Relief Society women have really enjoyed the wonderful lessons presented in the *Magazine* also. I could name so many more things that I and others here enjoy, but think you know that we feel about the *Magazine* the same as thousands of others do. I think it is just wonderful.

—Mrs. Ina Hancock
Zaragoza, Spain

My wife and niece thank you very much for *The Relief Society Magazine*, which we receive regularly. I sent a copy to the head of the church in Malta to show him what other churches can do.

—Joseph Danan
Sliema, Malta
(From a letter to
Gertrude Wornhan,
Salt Lake City, Utah.)

When I began reading "Orchids in the Snow" by Rosa Lee Lloyd (serial which began in May 1960), I had no idea that before the fourth issue arrived, my own husband would be on his way to Alaska on an engineering assignment. How much courage the story has given me as I contemplated our first major separation, and how I hope that, like Sharon in the story, I will be able to join him even if it means living in similar conditions. Can you guess how eagerly I am looking forward to the concluding installments of this lovely story!

—Rita C. Berthold
Mesa, Arizona

Just writing to let you know how much I love *The Relief Society Magazine*. I enjoy it more since I have left the States. I almost wear it out in reading it. We have no Relief Society here at Kindley A.F.B., so I love getting the *Magazine*.

—Mrs. Patricia Fullmer
St. George, Bermuda

I should like to tell you how very much I love the *Magazine*. The special features, fiction, poetry, and lessons have added so much to my life. One editorial, especially, "Accepting a Call to Service" by Marianne C. Sharp (November 1958) helped me to make an important decision. I was asked to teach the theology lessons, but my health was very poor, and my family thought it best for me to decline, but I greatly desired to do it. I was reading the *Magazine*, and when I turned to the editorial it gave me the answer. On the day for giving the lesson I was blessed with the necessary health to go and present it. Since that time I have given five other theology lessons, and have been richly blessed in so doing.

—Leta E. Bartholomew
Provo, Utah

I would like to compliment you for the featured bazaar ideas in the *Magazine* for July. We over here certainly do appreciate all the help that we can get along these lines. The whole *Magazine* is so superior to anything on the market today. I find the stories choice above all else, and I am very proud to know that Latter-day Saint women have such talent to write them.

—Shirley Smith
Mannheim, Germany

As I am living far from the branch to which I belong and have an elderly mother to take care of, I am not able to attend the meetings very often. Therefore, I am so pleased to receive *The Relief Society Magazine*. Somehow, it makes up for the meetings I am missing. I read it from cover to cover, and many times I have been guided by it when troubled, and I bless the day I was able to read it. Yesterday I received the July issue, and this morning when I read the lesson from The Doctrine and Covenants, I found a wonderful peace.

—Edel Juul Madsen
Hokksund, Norway

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Temple Square in Salt Lake City

BRIEF HISTORY OF ITS GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT

PART I

Preston Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

PRESIDENT Brigham Young, with a group of Mormon pioneers, arrived in Salt Lake Valley on Saturday, July 24, 1847. The valley presented a desolate appearance. It is said that the first women wept because there were no trees. And yet President Young said, "This is the right place. . . . Here we will stop and here we will settle."

Evidently, one of the things that was foremost in President Young's mind was the selection of a site for the building of a temple. Two days after his arrival in the Valley, and before the city was surveyed, the following important event took place, as recorded in the history of President Young:

> This afternoon, accompanied by Elders H. C. Kimball, Willard Richards, Orson Pratt, Wilford Woodruff and Thomas Bullock, I designated the site for the Temple Block, between the forks of City Creek, and on motion of Orson Pratt, it was unanimously voted that the Temple be built on the site designated (*Journal History*, July 26, 1847).

This was the beginning of "Temple Square," which today is known throughout the world.

On July 30, 1847, less than a week after President Young entered Salt Lake Valley, ". . . he requested the brethren of the Battalion to turn out tomorrow, and build a bowery to hold our meetings in." This bowery was in the southeast corner of Temple Square. It consisted only of poles in the ground, on top of which were placed branches of trees and willows, brought from the nearby canyons, to form a shade. As for seats, we do not know what provision was made, in this first bowery, but we have heard that logs were pulled beneath the shade, on which the audience could be seated and make themselves as comfortable as possible.

This particular bowery must have been constructed in one day, as President Young records the following in his history under date of August 1st, 1847, "At 10 o'clock A.M. the Saints assembled for meeting under the Bowery, on the Temple Lot."

As the saints increased in number in Salt Lake City, a larger bowery was built in the spring of 1849, and the April Conference of the Church was held there. The sides and the roof of the structure were strengthened, "so as to keep out a portion of the weather." At the opening session, the President expressed his pleasure at having such a comfortable place in which to meet.

"This is the most comfortable place that I have ever seen for the Saints to hold their meetings in at the gathering place," he said at the opening session. "When I have been abroad in the world, we have had splendid halls, but at the gathering place, this is the best" (*Journal History*, April 6, 1849).

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

BREAKING GROUND FOR THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE
February 14, 1853
Flagpole in foreground at right

Then, again, at the October Conference, he expressed his satisfaction with the large bowery. "I feel happy for this shelter, from the rays of the sun and the blasts of winter. My heart is full of joy. I realize that we ought to bear off the Kingdom to the nations of the earth" (*Ibid.*, Oct. 6, 1849).

THE saints continued to meet in the bowery until the fall of 1851, when President Young decided that the time had come to build a permanent Tabernacle. This structure was located in the southwest corner of the Temple Block. It was built with adobies and, when completed, was capable of seating 2,500 people.

In the spring of 1852, it was ready for use, and the Annual Conference of the Church convened there. Again, the President expressed his pleasure with the improvements the saints were making, and the commodious and comfortable hall:

> We have not had much privilege hitherto of meeting in the valley. Four years ago, when the brethren came to this valley, Brother George A. Smith delivered his first lecture upon the cannon, for there were no houses wherein the people could assemble.
>
> Since then they have been greatly blessed, yet they have had little opportunity of holding meetings. The first large place we had to meet in was the Bowery. We felt comfortable in it, and I felt as thankful for it as I ever did for anything in my life. But as quick as the

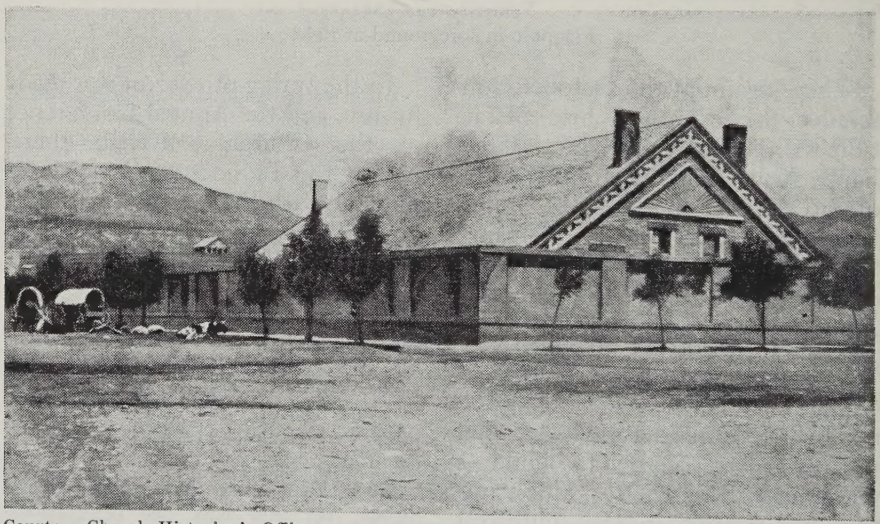
falling weather came it drove the Saints away, and rendered it necessary to discontinue the meetings in that place, and to hold them in the different wards, so that it became impossible to get all the people together.

Now we have a convenient room, the best hall I ever saw in my life, wherein the people could be convened on one floor. . . . I trust we shall renew our strength, meet here to pray and praise the Lord, and partake of the sacrament, until our feelings are perfectly pure; for we are where we can sit and enjoy the society of each other, as long as we please, and there is none to make us afraid (*J. H.*, April 6, 1852).

It was while the first Tabernacle was being built, in the winter of 1851-52, that President Young and the brethren at the head of the Church, decided that a wall should be erected around the Temple Block. The purpose of this wall was, no doubt, to protect the buildings to be erected, and also the tools and equipment belonging to the Church and the workmen. The first work on the wall was done in February 1852, when some of the workmen began digging a trench for the foundation. President Young had decided that the wall should be constructed of stone and adobies; that it should be three feet wide at the base, two feet wide at the top, and fifteen feet in height.

Slow progress was made in building the wall. Three years later, in May 1855, President Young recorded in his history: "The foundation of the wall around the Temple Block is nearly completed, which, when done, will enable us to speedily finish the wall, with the exception of the gates and iron railing" (*Ibid.*, May 31, 1855).

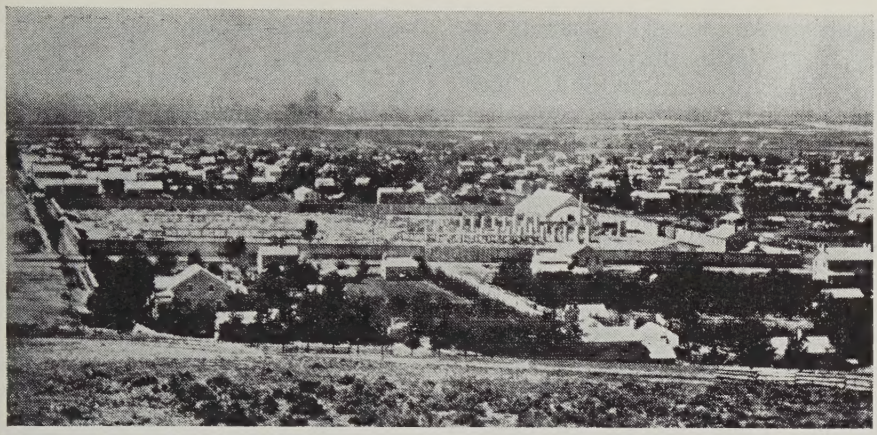
The wall was not completed until 1857.



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

THE OLD TABERNACLE

Built on southwest corner of the Temple Block during the winter of 1851-52. Made of adobe and set close to the fifteen-foot wall, the building had a seating capacity of 2500.



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

TEMPLE SQUARE ABOUT 1863

Showing the foundation for the Temple at left and pillars for the Tabernacle at the right. The back of the old Tabernacle may be seen in the upper right-hand corner of Temple Square.

THE year after the erection of the first Tabernacle, President Young set a day to break ground for building the magnificent Salt Lake Temple. This event took place on the 14th of February 1853.

"It was as clear and lovely a day as the sun ever shone on in Salt Lake City," wrote a reporter in the *Deseret News*. About ten A.M. a large group of Saints assembled on the Temple Block, and President Young, standing in a small buggy, addressed them:

> The Lord wished us to gather to this place. He wished us to cultivate the earth and make these valleys like the Garden of Eden, and make all the improvements in our power, and build a Temple as soon as circumstances would permit.
>
> Seven years ago tomorrow, about 11 o'clock, I crossed the Mississippi River with my brethren from this place, not knowing at the time whither we were going, but firmly believing that the Lord had in reserve for us a good place in the mountains, and that he would lead us directly to it. It is but seven years since we left Nauvoo, and we are ready to build another Temple (*Ibid.*, Feb. 14, 1853).

After finishing his address, and "after a consecrating prayer" by Heber C. Kimball, President Young took a spade, and lifted it full of earth, "and after holding it about one minute before he could lay it down, so dense was the crowd, President Young declared the ground broken for the Temple, blessed the people in the name of the Lord and dismissed the assembly."

It had been a great day for the saints, but a greater was soon to come, for on April 6th following, amidst the most solemn ceremonies, the cornerstones of the Temple were laid. Days of preparation had been devoted to this event, and the heavens again smiled on the assembled multitude. *The Deseret News* relates that "April 6, 1853, could not have dawned a more lovely day, or have been more satisfactory to

Saints or Angels. The distant valleys sent forth their inhabitants, this valley swarmed forth its thousands, and a more glorious sight has not been seen for generations, than at Great Salt Lake City, this day."

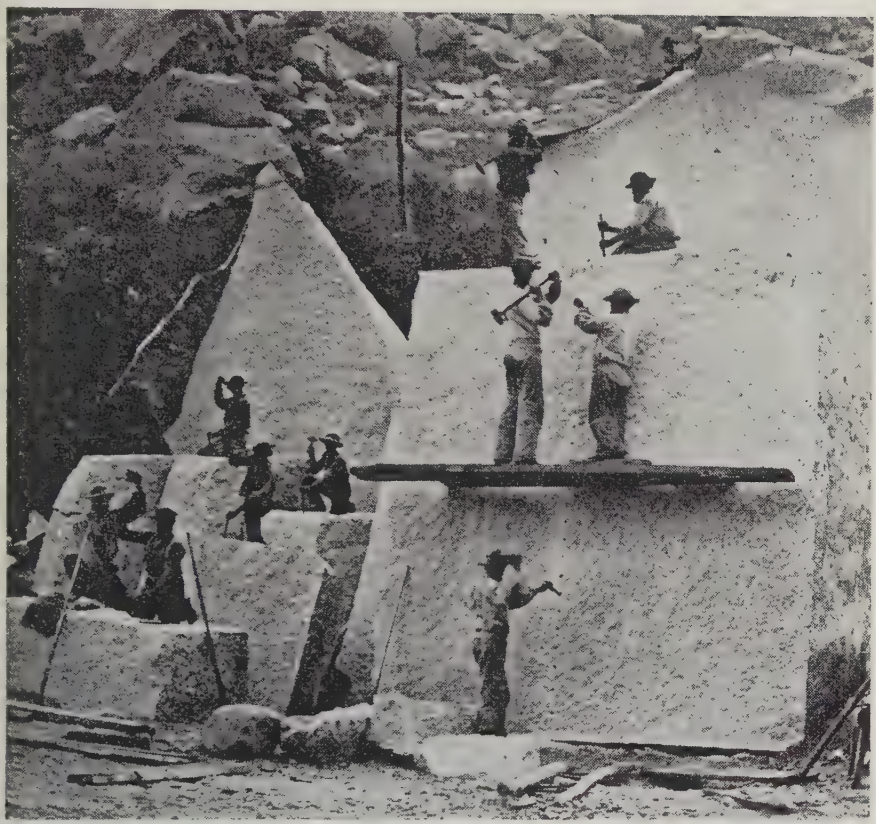
AT ten o'clock in the forenoon, President Young called the multitude to order in the first Tabernacle. After a few introductory remarks by himself, a procession was formed "at the vestry door," to march to the southeast corner of the temple. Following was the order: 1. Martial music; 2. Nauvoo Brass Band; 3. Ballo's Band; 4. Captain Pettigrew with Relief Guard; 5. Singers; 6. First President and Counselors and aged Patriarch; 7. The Twelve Apostles, First Presidency of Seventies, and presidents and counselors of the Elders' Quorum; 8. President of the High Priests Quorum and counselors, in connection with the President of the Stake and High Council; 9. Presiding Bishop, with his council, and the presidents of the lesser Priesthood and their council; 10. Architects and workmen, selected for the day, with banner representing "Zion's Workmen"; 11. Captain Merrill with Relief Guard in uniform.

Arriving at the southeast corner of the temple site, "Presidents Young, Kimball, and Richards, with Patriarch John Smith, proceeded to lay the southeast corner stone, and ascended the top thereof," while the choir sang a beautiful hymn

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

CUT STONE PREPARED FOR THE TEMPLE WALLS
Picture taken about 1868

In the background at the left may be seen the Z.C.M.I. store, and in front of the store, to the left, is the Council House, the first Church building constructed in the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. At the right may be seen the south gate of Temple Square, made of wood.



Courtesy Church Historian's Office

WORKMEN PREPARING GRANITE BLOCKS FOR THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE

Picture taken in Little Cottonwood Canyon, southeast of Salt Lake City, shows method of stone cutting.

composed for the occasion by Parley P. Pratt, the first verse of which was as follows:

> Deep in this holy ground
> These corner stones are laid,
> Rejoicing thousands round
> Oh God implore thine aid,
> That Zion now may prospered be
> And rear a Temple unto thee.

Then, in the midst of this great and solemn assembly, President Young spoke in part as follows:

"This morning we have assembled on one of the most solemn, interesting, joyful and glorious occasions that ever has transpired, or will transpire, among the children of men, while the earth continues in its present organization and is occupied for its present purposes. And I congratulate my brethren and sisters, that it is our unspeakable privilege to stand here this day, and minister before the Lord, on an occasion which has caused the tongues and pens of Prophets to speak and write for many scores of centuries which are past.

"The Church, through our beloved Prophet Joseph, was commanded to build a Temple to the Most High in Kirtland, Ohio, and this was the next house of the Lord we hear of on the earth, since the days of Solomon's Temple. Joseph not only received revelation and commandment to build a Temple, but he received a pattern also, as did Moses for the Tabernacle, and Solomon for his Temple, for without a pattern he could not know what was wanted, having never seen one, and not having experienced its use. . . .

"At Nauvoo Joseph dedicated another Temple, the third on record. He knew what was wanting, for he had previously given most of the prominent individuals then before him their endowment. He needed no revelation then, of a thing he had long experienced, any more than those now do, who have experienced the same things. It is only where experience fails, that revelation is needed. . . .

"Of our journey hither we need say nothing, only, God led us. Of the sufferings of those who were compelled to, and did leave Nauvoo in the winter of 1846, we need say nothing. Those who experienced it know it, and those who did not, to tell them of it would be like exhibiting a beautiful painting to a blind man. . . .

"We will not stop to tell you of the sufferings of widows and or-

Courtesy Church Historian's Office

GRANITE BLOCKS BEING LOADED ONTO WAGONS IN LITTLE COTTONWOOD CANYON FOR TRANSPORTATION TO TEMPLE SQUARE

phans on the Omaha lands, while their husbands and fathers were traversing the burning plains to the south, to fight the battles of a country which had banished them from civilization, for they secured the land on which we dwell, from our nation's foes; exposed the gold of California, and turned the world upside down. . . .

"While these things were transpiring with the Saints in the wilderness, the Temple at Nauvoo passed into the hands of the enemy, who polluted it to that extent that the Lord not only ceased to occupy it, but he loathed to have it called by his name, and permitted the wrath of its possessors to purify it by fire, as a token of what will speedily fall on them and their habitations unless they speedily repent.

"But what are we here for today? To celebrate the birthday of our religion! To lay the foundation of a Temple to the Most High God, so that when his Son, our Elder Brother, shall again appear, he may have a place where he can lay his head, and not only spend a night or a day, but a place of peace where he may stay until he can say, I am satisfied.

"We dedicate this, the southeast cornerstone of this Temple, to the Most High God. May it remain in peace until it has done its work, and until he who has inspired our hearts to fulfill the prophecies of his holy prophets, that the House of the Lord should be reared in the 'tops of the mountains,' shall be satisfied and say 'it is enough.' " (*Ibid.*, April 6, 1853).

(*To be continued*)

This Sun-Walled Hour

Maude Rubin

Though greener green once painted distant pastures
And ocean's pulsing song sang siren rhymes,
Today, my wander-urge, becalmed in brightness
Hears children's laughter, delicate wind-chimes
Above this sun-walled hour . . . Let tides keep calling,
Let gull cries splinter night, no smell of brine
Can drown this rose-drenched air—for, oh, my darling,
I've found my land at last, your home and mine!

Three Silver Boxes

Mabel Harmer

THE dusk had barely furnished Laurie with an excuse for turning on the Christmas tree lights when she heard Mark broad-jumping down the stairs. She counted five landings and sighed with relief. He had reached the bottom safely.

"Anchors aweigh!" he shouted. "The last one out to the good ship Chevie has to swim over." He walked into the living room and looked at his mother in disgust. "Whatsa matter? Aren't you ready yet? All the best chow will be gone."

"If the food is all you're thinking about we won't go at all," said Laurie sharply. She was instantly sorry. Of course food was a boy's first thought. Especially when it was served as lavishly as at his aunt's home. You don't have to take it out on Mark because you are tense and worried, she reminded herself severely.

She walked over and straightened his tie. "We'll go as soon as Daddy is ready."

Mark raced upstairs again, calling, "It's twelve bells, Captain! Time to cruise."

Laurie picked up one of the three small silver-wrapped boxes. "I can't do it," she muttered. "I simply can't. It will be far better not to give them anything at all." She put the box down and hurried upstairs. Suddenly she had an idea. "Let's not go," Laurie said to Vance, sitting on the bed with Teddy.

"Not go!" Vance echoed in amazement. "You must be crazy. What would Mona think?"

"I don't know and I don't care. I simply can't go and leave a dinky little box in return for all they give us. If they want to bring us gifts this year, they can come here and do it."

"Listen, Annie Laurie." Vance came over and put his arms around her from behind. "You know how the kids enjoy this jamboree. Aren't you sort of penalizing them for our set-up? Anyway, those boxes contain some mighty keen gifts, to my way of thinking." He gave her a slight push. "Get on your minks and let's be on our way."

LAURIE brought out her old muskrat coat and went into the next room where Jennifer was wrapping a blanket around her doll. "Are you taking Rosie with you?" she asked.

"No, I'm getting her ready for Santa to take."

"But Santa doesn't want your old dolly, dear. He is bringing you a new one."

"And I can keep Rosie, too?"

"Of course, chickie. Did we have to give Teddy away when we got you?"

"No, but. . . ." clearly Jennifer thought it might not have been a bad idea.

"Put Rosie back in her bed and come along," said Laurie quickly. "Daddy and the boys are waiting."

They reached the hallway in time to hear Mark say, "I'm glad that the party is at Aunt Mona's this year.

She always has the best chow."

"That's hardly the true Christian spirit, Barnacle Bill," reproved Vance.

Teddy helped out by adding, "I'm glad that we don't have to go to Aunt Elise's house. They don't have fun. I think that some day Uncle Greg will. . . ."

"Oh, but it will be all right today," Laurie broke in quickly. "It's Christmas, remember? Go on and get in the car."

They rushed out and she walked over to the table. She stood staring at the three boxes. It was now or never. No, not necessarily. She could slip them into her bag and there they could remain — if she so decided.

As she went out to the car Mark asked, "Where're all the presents?"

"I have them. Don't worry," she replied.

"They are already in the trunk, of course," said Teddy with a superior air. "Let's count the trees in the windows and see who can get the most on his side."

They pressed their noses against the glass and Laurie sank back, grateful for the half hour's grace she would have before they reached Mona's house.

She thought back to the day when all this present giving worry had started. She had been baking fruit cakes and they had turned out absolutely perfect. At six o'clock she decided, exactly the right time to broil the steaks, that is, if Van caught the 5:40 bus.

By six thirty he had still not come. He *would* be late when I have steaks, she thought impatiently. And it's been ages since I dared afford them.

SHE was about to call the children to eat without Vance when she saw him coming up the walk. His lagging steps had showed that he was dead tired. What was worse, he was carrying a brief case. He had brought home some work.

She had tucked away her resentment as she met him at the door. "Hi, Snowman," she had said, taking his hat to shake off the flakes.

"Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell. . . ."

"Fruit cake and overdone steaks. Come quickly."

In a record ten minutes she had had them all seated at the table. We're really an awfully nice family, Laurie had thought smugly. Her glance took in the three children and then had strayed to Vance. He had taken the smallest piece of meat and seemed undecided whether or not to eat that.

It's that ulcer again, she thought with a feeling of panic. And he brings home more work from the office. Won't he ever learn!

She could hardly wait to get the children off to bed after dinner. By the time she had finished the dishes she found Vance seated at the dining-room table, a set of books spread out before him. "And what have we here?" she asked.

"Just a small bookkeeping job that I took over. It pays fifty dollars a month. With Christmas coming up I thought we could use the extra money. In fact, I know blamed well we can."

"And I can use a well husband," Laurie had countered. "You've been having trouble with your stomach again, haven't you? That's why you didn't want to eat that meat tonight."

"Oh, a little," he shrugged. "It's nothing to worry about."

"It's plenty to worry about and I won't have it. You can shut up those books right now."

"I expect you get that determination from your Scotch grandmother, along with your red hair." Vance had half smiled at her.

"Don't try to distract me," Laurie retorted seriously. "We don't need money for Christmas badly enough to ruin your health getting it. I've made out a list. I can get by on a hundred dollars."

"Good. And I can get the hundred by taking this job, and that's the only way I can get it. Between the money I spent on the car and the bill for Mark's tonsils I couldn't scare up more than twenty-five."

"Then we'll get by on twenty-five," Laurie had asserted determinedly.

"But how? We can't possibly cut down on the kids. Then there's my family. I was going to say, thank goodness you haven't any, but I stopped myself in time."

"As I noticed," she grinned. "And it's just because I don't have any other family that I'm determined to hang on to the one I've got. I'll have something worked out by tomorrow night. I promise."

"You won't rob a bank or start selling vacuum cleaners?"

"Cross my heart."

"Okay, it's a deal."

AFTER they had gone to bed, Laurie had started thinking how she was going to stretch twenty-five dollars to do the work of a hundred. Van's sisters were the big problem. There was Mona, who already had almost everything that money could buy. Then there was Elise. She and Greg apparently tried to outdo each other in giving gifts to their own particular families, and Althea, the widow, was another hard one. Her small apartment was crammed with the what-nots her big house had once held.

Many wild plans raced through her head, none of them practical. Finally she decided, there's no use in my getting ulcers in place of Van. Maybe some bright idea will hit my subconscious before morning.

None did, but as she was glancing through the newspaper the next morning she saw a second-hand sled advertised for two dollars. Wonderful! Van could put on fresh paint and it would probably look like new. With luck she could get most of the children's toys the same way.

A call from Mona gave her the next idea. "I'm having a small luncheon tomorrow, darling. Could you be persuaded to make one of those heavenly rolled cakes with the custard filling?"

"Gladly," answered Laurie. "I'll have it ready this afternoon."

Here was the perfect answer for Mona. She could make out twelve cards, each one redeemable for a custard-filled cake. And, if cake-baking solved that problem, there might be something in the way of service she could do for the other two.

Of course there was. Althea was alone so much of the time, and her eyes were too poor for any great amount of reading. A promise of just one hour a week would give her a big lift.

As for Elise, there was so much that she needed, with the misunderstandings in her home life. I might

offer to take the boys while she goes on a vacation, Laurie decided.

Her heart felt lighter than it had for days. Why, it's actually going to be fun to have a twenty-five dollar Christmas, she told herself in surprise.

Jennifer's doll was the only toy she purchased new. She managed to get everything for the boys secondhand, and ended up with two dollars to spend for Vance. She bought a cute monkey that did tricks on a trapeze, which would create fun in the family.

AFTER Laurie's first flush of pleasure at the idea of gifts of service, she began to have grave doubts. More than once she was tempted to say, "Please don't give us expensive gifts this year." But she couldn't bring herself to do it. How did one go about saying, "We're expecting elaborate gifts, but please don't bother."

And now it was Christmas Eve, and she had arrived at Mona's house with three small boxes whose only glory was in their silver wrappings.

They found the rooms bursting with friends and relatives. Jovial Uncle Chris was in the dining room ladling out hot punch from behind a table covered with holiday goodies. Mark and Teddy immediately wiggled through to the front ranks.

Jennifer sat down to worship in front of the huge Christmas tree with its pile of gaily wrapped gifts underneath. Laurie greeted a few friends and then went out to see that her young sons stayed somewhere within the limits of propriety. She met Elise on the way.

"No need to ask the whereabouts of Mike and Tim," she commented. "Not with all that food on the table. Is your husband in there also?"

"Greg? No. He isn't celebrating with us today," answered Elise. "He stayed at the office. He wants to leave for Chicago tomorrow afternoon. He'll be gone a week. That means I'm stuck home all alone for the holidays."

Laurie slipped an arm through that of her sister-in-law. "Take it easy," she smiled. "Maybe the Christmas Spirit will bring you both a change of heart. Let's go in and get something to eat before our sons lay the board waste."

A couple of hours and many cakes later, Vance said, "I think we'd better take off. Let's have a bit of peace at home for the rest of the evening."

"All right," Laurie agreed reluctantly. She walked over and stood by the tree. Beneath was a pile of gifts of such elegance that the wrappings alone had probably cost more than her entire Christmas. "I can't do it," she told herself with finality. "I simply can't. Nothing at all would be better than this silly makeshift."

She turned resolutely away, relieved that the decision had finally been made. Halfway to the door she met Elise and asked, "Shall we drop in at your house?"

"No, sorry, but I'm not going home. Not until I have to," she replied through tight lips.

She looked so desperately unhappy that Laurie had to do something. Impulsively she opened her bag and drew out a box. "This is our gift to you," she said. "There isn't much to it — except our love."

"Thank you," said Elise simply.

Laurie turned back to the tree, dropped the box with Mona's name on it and fled out to the car.

Chris followed with an armload of packages. "I picked yours out myself," he confided to Teddy.

Althea came panting after him. "Drop me off at the apartment, will you please? Then you can pick up your gifts at the same time."

When they stopped, Vance helped his sister out of the car, then held out his hand for the last of the silver boxes.

After they were home again with the children settled for the night, Laurie asked, "Isn't it strange? For once I don't envy any of your sisters the least bit. And I ought to be practically green."

"Not so strange," replied Vance. "You have all the things that really count, including. . . ."

"You. I know. Scoot over to the neighbors and get the toys. Those scalawags will be up again before the crack of dawn."

CHRISTMAS morning was as gay as any they had ever known. The children were delighted with their toys and were sure that their dad's monkey was the best gift he had ever received.

Althea called just after breakfast. "Laurie, dear, are you sure that you would be willing to spend an hour with me every week? I just can't believe it!" Her voice was that of a child who had just been given the moon.

"Of course I'm sure," answered Laurie over the lump in her throat. She hadn't realized how terribly lonely Althea had been. "We'll start any day you say."

It was almost noon, and she had just finished stuffing a very small turkey, when Elise called. "Did you mean what you said about taking the boys?" Her voice was short, almost breathless.

"Why, of course I meant it. Any time you like."

"Today?"

Laurie laughed. "Certainly today, if you wish."

"I've decided to go with Greg on this trip, if he'll take me. Maybe if we have a week, we can start to work things out. I couldn't ask anyone else to take them on Christmas Day. I wouldn't have dreamed of asking you, except. . . ."

"Bring them along," Laurie broke in. "We'll love to have them for a week or as long as you want. And good luck, darling."

"Thanks. I'm going to do my best. And if things go better, it may be because of you. . . ."

"And a twenty-five dollar Christmas," added Laurie gaily.

She went back to the turkey and put it into the roasting pan. It seemed to have grown. It really looked quite nice and plump. She was sure there would be plenty for seven.

Solace

Iletta D. Reid

Mother Nature washed the parched earth, last night,
With a heaven-sent healing rain.
My tears washed the bitterness from my soul.
I, too, have found peace again.

Josef Muench

LAKE COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO

Afterglow

Leslie Savage Clark

Oh, cup your hands around this hour
To hold its candle glow
Of quietness — this fragrant dusk,
With a young moon hanging low.
Where, traced against its silver arc,
Are hushed and homing wings
That seek the brushwood thicket where
A cricket sings.

Oh, hold it close, this hour we share,
So soon it disappears,
And yet, its halo long shall fall
Across the years.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, October 1, and October 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

CURRENT EVENTS: In South Africa the Boer situation continues to be a vexed question. Kruger is still defiant and declares that the war will last a long time yet. . . . There can be no doubt but that England will be victorious in the end. The assassination of King Humbert of Italy by an anarchist, is one of the sad events of the month. His son, Victor Emanuel III, in order to avoid riots and disorder, immediately ascended the throne. . . . The Paris Exposition still continues to draw large crowds, as many as half a million were reported to be in attendance in one day. . . . The campaign for the election of a president of the United States, and also local officers, has just commenced. . . .

—Ella W. Hyde

THE DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS: One of the necessities of all cities, and especially Salt Lake, is a School of Domestic Science . . . for these young girls who are growing up and know not "when the hour cometh" that they may be called upon to preside in the kitchen. . . . This school of ours was held in the Normal school building of the University and was a success and exceeded our most sanguine expectations. It was started without a cent of money but with the proverbial generosity of the Salt Lake people a stove, dishes, cooking utensils, etc. were donated. . . . The cooking department was presided over by Miss Emily Cannon, a graduate of the Boston School of Cooking. The art of housewifery was taught by Miss Edna May Davis, a thoroughly competent instructress. In the sewing room Miss Mary S. Smith, a graduate of the Pratt Institute, N. Y., taught the girls the different stitches, hemming, felling, patching, darning, etc., and impressed upon them that "a stitch in time saves nine."

—News Note—L. M. R.

ACROSS THE YEARS

Across the years I hear your loving voice,
Urging me always to some higher aim,
When I have won I know that you rejoice;
When I have failed you grieve but do not blame.
If in my humble way some good I do,
I owe it to those other years and you.

—Jennie Noonan Wheless

RELIEF SOCIETY IN BANNOCK STAKE (IDAHO): The Stake presidency of the Relief Society of Bannock Stake, President Mary A. Call, Counselors Sarah M. Call and Rosa B. Knowles, and Secretary Hannah C. Hatch, have made their annual visit through the Stake, their starting point being the Lund Ward. . . . The next two wards visited were Thatcher and Cleveland. . . . We held meetings in both wards and gave some good instructions to the attending sisters. . . . The next place visited was Trout Creek where we lunched with President Mary Jensen, then held meeting. . . . The next place was Grace. We traveled late to get there, in wind and dust. Soda Springs was the next place visited, where we enjoyed the delightful soda water . . . we had a good meeting. . . . The last meeting was held at Chesterfield. . . . The Stake presidency gave some good instructions . . . and thought the sisters were doing a good work in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

—Hannah C. Hatch, Sec.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

THE Honorable Masa (Mrs. Fukuzo) Nakayama was named Japanese Minister of Welfare in ceremonies at the Imperial Palace, July 19, installing the new Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda and his cabinet. Mrs. Nakayama is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, and a member of the Japanese branch of UNESCO. Her hobby is flower arrangements, and she has the honorary title of Graduate Flower Arranger. She has an honorary American degree of Doctor of Laws, and is indeed well fitted to become Japan's first woman cabinet minister. Mrs. Nakayama is sixty-nine years old.

RUTH ADDISON is the first woman to achieve the equivalent of deputy minister's rank in the Canadian government. She is one of three Civil Service Commissioners who formulate and direct the policies pertaining to 140,000 government employees. Her colleagues say that "she is effective, but every inch a lady."

ZARA SABIN, Bountiful, Utah, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, has collected a large number of her poems into a volume entitled "So Near My Heart," recently published by Bookcraft, Salt Lake City, Utah.

MRS. VICTOR (JUNE SLATER) DEATHERAGE of Ogden, Utah, engages in the very unusual occupation of making minutely accurate drawings of top-secret United States missiles, some of which are moon-bound.

MRS. ANN WHITMAN has one of the most demanding secretarial jobs in the world. She is President Eisenhower's personal secretary and travels with him on nearly all of his official trips. Telephone calls for the President come to Mrs. Whitman first, and she takes the President's dictation of letters, speeches, and memoranda, as well as drafting letters for him to sign.

JUDGE FLORENCE E. ALLEN, formerly of Salt Lake City, Utah, addressed the graduating class of the University of Utah in August. Miss Allen was the first woman to become a judge of a United States Federal Court. In the 1920's she was elected to two terms as a member of the Ohio Supreme Court. Only a year ago she retired as senior judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the sixth circuit, including Michigan, Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Judge Allen holds honorary degrees from twenty-three American colleges and universities.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 OCTOBER 1960 NO. 10

Let the Daughters of Zion Rejoice

Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters . . . be glad because of thy judgments. Walk about Zion and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following (Psalm 48:11-13).

IT is a cause for continued rejoicing that in all ages and under all conditions, women have been given the blessing of compassionate service, and the responsibility of directing from the home the pathways of the children of earth. Into the keeping of women have been given the desire and the means for developing much comfort and order within the wide spheres of their influence. Unlimited and forever beckoning to greater fulfillment, is the wide and wonderful world of womanhood.

From the small but glorious kingdom of the home, where a woman's heart and hands make the pattern, her beliefs and her spiritual strength go forth with her children into all the world.

Even a small girl child realizes her own femininity and seems to know instinctively the purposes of her life. It is an instruction to see a little girl occupied with the duties of dolls and carriages, with pans and plates, with brooms and tables and chairs, with flowers in a vase.

How much of joy we have for the taking in the turning of the seasons, the autumn that is now upon us in the northern lands, while springtime casts its greenery over the earth for our sisters in the south. Autumn is a time of garnering, of gathering in that which is precious and needful, a time of preparation for the winter, wherein there will be no harvest. And yet the winter holds close the family and friends, and all the people of the earth should be held together in their common need and common compassion. Beautifully the spring breaks for women in sunlight through the windows, on early blossoms in the garden, in the sound of a broom upon the walk. How brief, then, the summer seems, turning to the yellow leaf.

To thousands of women in the wide lands of the earth, there comes again with October, a great rejoicing. To others it comes at the beginning of the year when once more the sisters meet in frequent and ordered companionship to rejoice in their privileges and enlarge their compassion, to train their minds, and uplift their souls. To many of the sisterhood, it seems that Relief Society may be likened to a sheaf of wheat wherein are bound the facets of a woman's life, bound in strength and beauty, wherein the rich reaping of the past is bound and united with seed for future generations. The gospel in its fulness and the Relief Society pattern have been given to women for a blessing and for their exaltation. The Relief Society sheaf has taken the

intellectual, the spiritual, the social, and the compassionate yearnings of womanhood and has bound them together in such a sheaf of strength and beauty that everywhere, in every condition, the daughters of Zion may rejoice. From each separate home, and from those kingdoms of home, united in Relief Society and blessed by its precepts and practices, the sisters may lend their hands and their hearts to shaping the environment for their families and communities.

Let us approach our duties and our responsibilities joyfully, welcome our privileges, and be grateful for precept and pattern. By this path of faith and sisterhood, by this high road of devotion and deeds, the women of Zion, and "the women of all nations" may lend their hands and hearts to building a fitting home for those spirits who are given earth life by the Lord, and who must be returned to him.

—V. P. C.

Thy Word

Nancy Wilcox

Wondering still and seeking still,
I sought a quiet nook
Wherein to rest and contemplate
Thy wondrous work — thy Book
Of well-loved passages to read.
Weak was my vision, Lord,
Blinded by fog of fearfulness:
Bright beacon of thy word
Lent me light — serenity,
With patience to endure
Shattered illusions, knowing this —
Thy judgments still are sure.

Not Anything Is Lost

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Because it rained through all September, day
After day, we murmured, being wont to cling
To warmth and sun; and we were heard to say
"So cold, so soon? This is a cruel thing."

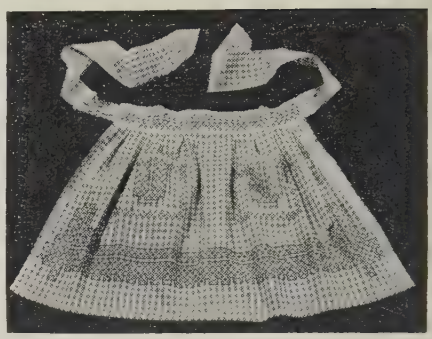
October's gold burns brighter where the rain
Made fresh the grass, or pricked the valley floor
With green. Against a spring-like earth, leaves deign
To fall; their reds and browns and yellows more
Intense, flagrant before the early frost.
Why did we question? Not anything is lost.

Christmas Aprons

Shirley Thulin

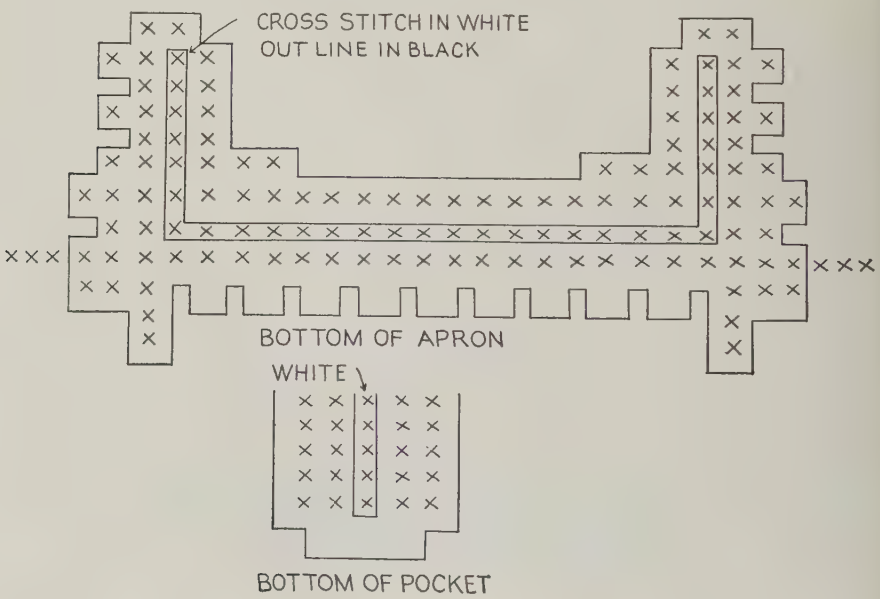
ANYONE would love to be tied to these apron strings! These new aprons are so refreshingly smart they are bound to make any housewife feel like a gracious hostess. You'll want to start sewing in plenty of time to make an apron for every lady on your gift list — from the sweet little grandmother down the street, to the engaged daughter of your best friend. And don't forget to make several for your own wardrobe, too.

Apron number one is a half apron and is made from one yard of gay, large-checked gingham. Blue and white with black cross-stitching, is an attractive color combination, however you could choose your own colors. This apron boasts an optical illusion, because the black double cross-stitches on the white squares and the white double cross-stitches on the white squares, seem to change the color of the fabric. The whole border is outlined in black outline stitch to complete a sort of appliqued look.



APRON NO. 1

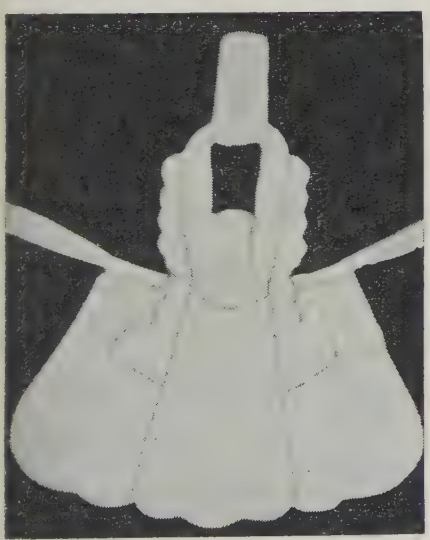
A half apron made of blue and white checked gingham with cross-stitching on the white squares. See diagram below for the pattern of the cross-stitching.



The double cross-stitch is used rather than the single because it covers more of the square, blocking out the white almost completely. It is made by first making a regular cross-stitch the same size as the square, then making a stitch vertically through the center of the single cross-stitch. Then make a tiny stitch right in the center of the cross, to hold all in place.

The border design runs across the front of the apron just above the deep hem, and is repeated on the two pockets and across the band. This apron is flattering to the figure because, instead of being gathered on to the band, it has four tiny box pleats on each side.

APRON number two is a big cover-the-front style which conjures up the fragrance of sugar and spice just to look at it. This is a practical apron, which fits both a large or a small figure, and yet dainty, with its scallops along the bib, extending down the front, and ending with a pocket. Pick a perky print with bias tape trim the shade of the predominant color.



APRON NO. 2

A large, cover-the-front apron with two pockets, a scalloped bib, and scallops around the bottom.

APRON number three is a half apron and is the sophisticated member of this apron family. The outstanding features of this apron are the deep box pleat right in the center, and the huge pouch pocket with two side openings. Choose a bold print with a dark colored background and trim it with a plain color the same shade as the print background color. The apron pictured is of deep red printed with gold figures and a plain red trim.

First, cut a piece of the plain fabric 18 inches for the length of the apron, and 26 inches at the waist, gradually sloping out to 36 inches at the bottom of the apron, rounding the bottom corners. Now cut a piece of the printed fabric 15 inches for the length and 21 at the waist edge and 25 inches at the bottom edge. Baste a matching bias tape all around the print piece, except across where the band will be stitched. Now machine stitch this bias tape 6½ inches from the top edge toward the hem edge on both sides. This makes the binding for the edges of the pockets. Now pin the print piece on the plain piece, putting the top edges even, and centering the other edges. This makes a plain colored border all around three sides of the printed piece. Machine stitch along the basting on the bias tape, beginning where you left off 6½ inches down on one side and ending where you

APRON NO. 3

A half apron with a deep box pleat in the center and a large pouch pocket with two openings.

left off 6½ inches down on the other side. Note how this makes a huge pocket with two openings, all bound with an uninterrupted line of bias tape. Now bind the outside edges of the plain piece with the same matching bias tape. Leave the top edge unbound. Make a band of the plain color 18 inches long and 5 inches wide. (It will be 2½ inches wide when finished, as it will be doubled.) Pin the band to the apron, making a big box pleat right in the center of the apron, using up all the slack material until it fits the 18-inch band. Machine stitch band.

Now make ties of the printed fabric and stitch them in place.

APRON number four has the flavor of the Alps, and is made of a pastel denim with a profusion of colorful trimming marching across the bib and the bottom of the apron. This apron would require a zigzag sewing machine or attachment, as strips of single fold bias are zig-zagged across between factory made braid. To add even more decoration, pastel baby rickrack is sewed on in strips of three, along with the braid and bias tape.

The straps, which start at the waistband, are sewed to the bib and then extend about 45 inches beyond the bib. These long straps cross in back near the shoulders and are threaded through loops at the waistband and tied at the middle waist in the back, thus enabling this apron to be adjusted to size. Whether you are long or short waisted, you will feel comfortable in this one. This apron is not gathered onto the band, but has three pleats on each side. It has one pocket trimmed with a row of bias and zigzag.

THE fifth apron is as refreshing as a dish of orange sherbet. It is made from a little over a yard of orange and white checked gingham. It is also a half apron with the apron pleated instead of gathered to the

APRON NO. 4

An Alpine bib apron made of pastel-colored denim, and trimmed with bias strips rickrack, and braid.

APRON NO. 5

A half apron made of checked gingham, pleated at the waistband. The cross-stitches are made of the same color as the dark check in the gingham.

APRON NO. 6

A party apron made of nylon dotted Swiss and cut in three circles of graduated sizes.

band. Use orange thread for the cross-stitches in the squares. All of the crosses are tiny because the checks are very small. One row of large double cross-stitches adds variety across the bottom near the large hem, along with the repeated pattern.

There is a single row of tiny cross-stitches all around the two pockets as well as the corresponding design across the top, also across the band. This apron would look well if done in lime green or orchid, just be sure to use a shade of thread to match the color of the checks in the making of the crosses.

APRON number six in our selection is pretty enough to go to a wedding. In fact, it looks like the icing on the wedding cake. It is made of white nylon dotted Swiss and just a swish in some suds is all it takes when soiled. No ironing.

This apron is made of three full circles, graduated in size to give a three-tiered ruffled effect. Make a paper pattern of all three circles first, the biggest one being 36 inches in circumference, with an 8-inch hole cut out of the center for a waistline. The second tier is a 28-inch circle with the 8-inch center circle, and the smallest tier is an 18-inch circle, also with an 8-inch center circle for the waistline. Cut each circle from one edge to the center along the diameter and round the two bottom corners on each circle.

Cut the fabric from these three paper patterns. Stitch lace around the outside edge or make a small rolled hem. Now stitch a narrow band about 23 inches long. (The 8-inch center circle is about 23 inches long when it is straightened out.) Stitch, but do not gather or pleat, all three circles to the band, placing the two smaller circles upon the largest one. The apron is so full that it gives a ruffled effect. Now make generous ties and stitch in place. This apron has no pocket.

A Strawberry Pincushion

Melba Larson

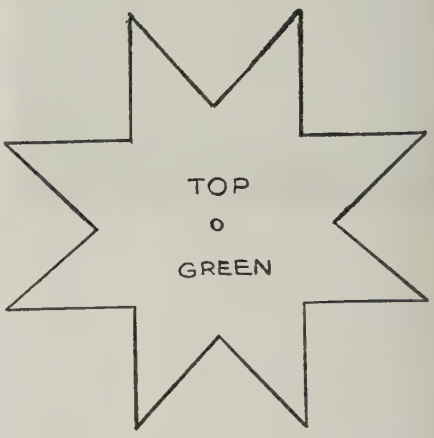
Materials Needed (for 6 pincushions):

one-third yard red velveteen (for six strawberries)
one-sixth yard green velveteen (for six tops)
glue

To make the strawberries, place the pattern on the bias of material. Pattern should measure eleven inches from point to point and six inches across the middle. Cut out the red berry, fold double, seam, and turn. Stuff the berry with sawdust, and gather at the top.

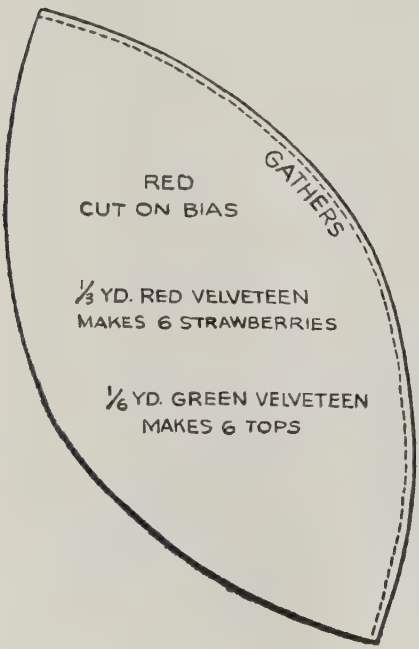
For the top of the berry, cut out an eight-point star from the green velvet. The star should measure five and a half inches from the tip of one point to the tip of the opposite point.

A folded piece of green velvet may be used for a stem. Sew this stem to the gathered top of the berry. Slip the stem through the hole on the top of the berry. Glue the berry top to the berry. Add white beads to the red part of the berry.



PATTERN FOR TOP OF STRAWBERRY PINCUSHION

The top is cut (single) from green velveteen in the shape of an eight-point star, measuring 5½ inches from the tip of one point to the tip of the opposite point.



PATTERN FOR STRAWBERRY (at left)

The strawberry is cut single on the bias from red velveteen and measures 11 inches from point to point and 6 inches across the widest part of the berry. It is folded in the middle along the 6 inch diameter, then seamed on one side and gathered at the top.

Faith

Pauline L. Jensen

I tore a page from the calendar the other day, and noted how short was the time until spring would be here. There was nothing outside that remotely suggested its nearness. There was snow on the ground, and the trees were bare, and I had a nostalgic remembrance of other springs, in faraway places. One stood out in my memory above all others, and my thoughts traveled back nine years, and six hundred miles, and I was once more in suburban St. Louis, Missouri.

Even now I recall in detail that scene, and each word. I saw my husband's face, pale, and lined, and I heard his voice saying, "This transfer is something I've wanted for years. It is what I have striven and worked for. I know that my health is poor, and the risk we are taking is great. But, somehow, I truly believe that this change is just what I need. I believe it is meant that we go, and that my health will improve there, and things will be better. We have to believe that! We have to have faith!"

I looked out of the window at the bright green grass and the golden forsythia, and I thought I had never seen spring any lovelier. From his perch in the maple tree I heard the cardinal sing to his mate, and I saw the dip and flash of a bluebird's wings. I knew that in just a few weeks the air would be filled with the fragrance of roses and waxen magnolias. And I wondered what spring would be like in that far northern city, and how it could possibly be spring anywhere without bluebirds and cardinals, magnolias and forsythia.

And I wondered how I could say to my husband, "You're a sick man, far more so than you realize, and the doctors can't seem to find what is wrong. You aren't well enough to take on additional responsibility, and although you want it so much, the chance we take in this move is too great. Here, we have roots and home and friends and a measure of solid security. The children are happy, and their ties are many. If we go to a strange place, we have no assurance that such a change will be for the better. What if your health doesn't improve? Suppose that we go among strangers and something should happen?"

Then I looked at the face of my husband, and saw the desperate plea in his eyes, and I knew that I wouldn't say any of those things. I knew that we'd go to that northern city, and I knew we would need every ounce of faith we could muster!

And faith was our handmaiden through all of the days that followed as, one by one, we relinquished the bounds of security. The home that we loved became just a house; the college scholarship, insuring our child's education, went back to be claimed by another. Each precious thing that had filled our days was abandoned. The friends that had meant so much were bidden goodbye, and all that was left to sustain us was faith!

Now it is nine short years since we came to this city of lakes and trees and beautiful homes. I look out of the window and see not green grass and golden forsythia, but softly falling snow that has hidden and muted everything ugly. And I hear not the cardinal's song, but the raucous cries of a bluejay. And instead of magnolias, I think of the white sails on Lake Calhoun, and sunset on Lake Minnetonka, of the moon shining down on the Lake of the Isles, and the beautiful trees that border the parkways. And I think of all of the wonderful people we now call friends.

I look at the glowing face of my husband, and hear his firm step and his confident voice. I think of all of the joyous things that this move has brought, and I know in my heart what a wondrous gift is the power of faith!

My Third Grandma

Part II — Butcher Knife

Ilene H. Kingsbury

WE were children of eight and hungry. We stood about Grandma Morgan's kitchen and edged to the small, squat cabinet she called a valet, and we looked longingly at three loaves of hot bread. Just to smell them was a challenge in self-control. When she wasn't looking we ran our hands over the dome of crust, and in enough attempts would manage, quite accidentally, to break off a crunchy layer as big as the palm of the hand and hope it wouldn't be missed from the loaf. Before we knew it, there were crumbs at the corners of our mouths, and our looks of marked innocence were replaced by those of complete satisfaction.

At this point in the game, for she played along with us if we persisted long enough, Grandma would push us aside and approach the bread with quiet resolution. This was her move of defeat. She no longer resolved to save all three loaves for a regular meal.

From the center drawer of the valet she claimed the most amazing butcher knife in all Beaver County. It was long and slim and curved at the last third toward the tip, and its handle was of carved ivory. Odd designs of intertwined vines graced the hilt, along with a sort of motto in a long-forgotten and ancient language. We were afraid of this knife, for we knew it wasn't meant for carving up bread.

Once, out under the cherry tree, Grandma had told us that her father had used it in a war in India against white people. Whenever she said white people in just that tone we shivered. We also took another look at her skin. Yes, it wasn't exactly like our own. It had a sort of golden, burned, and leathery look such as one sees on finely tooled handbags of the lighter Palomino shades. Up to that time we had confused the name *Indian* with *India* and guessed that she was a Navajo who had been stolen or traded for a trinket. Most of our parents were certainly under that impression, but only because they hesitated to pry, as they called it.

In our community there were a number of squaws who lived in the homes of the whites and were called Aunt or Grandma. We knew of at least one of them who had been stolen as a child, taken to Old Mexico as a slave, brought back north again on mule back, and traded off for a fat, young steer. But that Navajo ex-slave girl didn't look exactly like Grandma Morgan. True, their eyes were jet black, and looked all-yearning. Their hair remained black and straight to fragile old age, and their complexions were dark and oily and brownish. But each came from ancient heritages on opposite sides of the earth. Only by the most extreme circumstances were they ever to meet or speak a communal language or be called *sister* by their religious fellows. In fact, it was this peculiar religious heritage that was, in a measure, responsible for multiple races living in a desert settlement in North America.

I guess it was the butcher knife that was the constant reminder of the heritage of Grandma Morgan, formerly of India right around the world. Its like has only been found in the Smithsonian Institute in a wing dedicated to India, Burma, and Hindustan. We were a little afraid of that knife, with its point so fine one could have written a letter with it. And we early understood that no one, except Grandma, yes, no one on earth, could use it for any purpose whatsoever. After all, hadn't this little creature carried it all the way around the world wrapped in a piece of coral silk? And wasn't it her father's father's father's?

Her use of that sword, for that it was, was as startling as its appearance. She tested the new bread for temperature, and then tucked the loaf under her arm high above the waist. The bent arm sort of balanced the loaf and her fingers steadied it. Then she picked up the sabre and began to swipe it through the air, first into a pat of homemade butter and then swiftly back and forth across the butt end of the loaf. Only a hummingbird with its sword bill longer than its body could move faster than that historical weapon.

After this thorough buttering, she tackled the loaf, still held under her arm, with a sawing motion of the knife. As the slice almost slid to the floor, she gracefully bent toward the valet and let it fall, face up, on a little plate. Generally we were allowed to have the first pieces, depending on whether we were girls or the littlest. You will note that various ages and sexes had smelled that baking wonder from far down in the lot. We lined up, feeling starved to death at the mere whiff of golden crust. Needless to say, we ruined at least one loaf for consumption at a regular meal, whether it was the usual bread and milk supper or the hot dinner at noon when the farm hands had their big meal of the day.

The more we ate, the smaller our appetites became, until at last we just sighed our gratitude. At that moment, then, Grandma wiped off the blade of this weapon of her departed forebears and reverently laid it in its shallow place, motto side up. The elaborately carved words could be easily read, if one knew a language thousands of years old, and Grandma did, or so we believed—

The Peace of God Be With You.

It certainly didn't look like that much writing to us, only three or four curvy designs, a little more golden in the area where Grandma's fingers pressed it for buttering. But she always read the markings aloud as she shut the drawer, and we believed her interpretation. Perhaps, as she said the words, she felt less homesick for her father's father's father's land.

Small Son

Aretta N. Ricks

A joy springs up from depths unknown,
I am queen upon a throne!
A darling prince the age of three
Has vowed undying love of me.

Recipes For Autumn Luncheons

Florence S. Jacobsen

Whole Meal Soup

1 tbsp. butter or butter substitute
2 lbs. ground beef
2 qts. hot water
2 c. diced potatoes
1 c. diced celery
2 c. tomatoes
1 c. corn
1 c. diced carrots
2 c. shredded cabbage
2 onions, diced
1½ tsp. salt
¼ c. rice

Melt butter, add meat, and brown. Add water and bring to a full rolling boil. Add vegetables. Bring back to a boil. Add rice and seasonings. Simmer 1 to 1½ hours.

Ham and Cheese Sandwich Fondue

6 slices bread
3 tbsp. butter or butter substitute
6 slices (about ½ lb.) Cheddar cheese
3 slices boiled ham (or ham loaf)
1 tbsp. prepared mustard
3 eggs, slightly beaten
2 c. milk
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper

Spread 3 slices of the bread with butter. Top each with a slice of cheese, then a slice of ham, and another slice of cheese. Spread the 3 remaining bread slices with mustard and place on the cheese to make sandwiches. Cut each into 9 cubes and place in a well greased 2-quart casserole. Beat eggs, milk, salt, and pepper together with a rotary beater. Pour over bread cubes. Set casserole in a pan of hot water and bake about 1 hour or until a knife inserted in the center of egg mixture comes out clean and top is brown. Serves 4.

New York Waldorf Salad

4 large apples, cubed
½ c. pitted diced dates
1 c. diced celery
½ c. chopped walnuts
½ c. mayonnaise
pinch salt
1 tsp. powdered sugar

Mix all ingredients together. Chill and serve in crisp lettuce cups, with or without additional salad dressing.

Thousand Island Dressing

1 c. mayonnaise
2 tbsp. chili sauce
1 tbsp. chopped green pepper
1 tsp. chopped pimento
2 tbsp. chopped sweet pickle
½ tsp. salt
1 chopped hard-cooked egg
1 tbsp. chopped ripe olives (or green olives)

Mix all ingredients together and chill. Store in refrigerator. Serve as a dressing for salads or with fish, as desired.

Hot Potato-Bean Salad

4 medium-sized potatoes, peeled and diced
1 inch boiling water in saucepan
1 tsp. salt
1 lb. fresh snap beans cut in one-inch pieces
1 tbsp. bacon fat
⅔ c. mayonnaise
2 tbsp. fresh lemon juice
1 tsp. salt (another for dressing)
⅛ tsp. black pepper
⅛ tsp. garlic powder
¼ tsp. powdered dry mustard
¼ c. chopped onion
4 slices crisp bacon

Cook potatoes in boiling salted water for 5 minutes. Add beans and continue cooking until beans and potatoes are tender; drain if necessary. Combine bacon fat, mayonnaise, lemon juice, and seasonings. Heat. Pour over cooked vegetables. Add onions and toss lightly. Crumble crisp bacon on top. Serve hot.

Brambles

1 c. seeded raisins, chopped
juice and rind of one lemon
1 egg, well beaten
1 c. sugar
2 layers unbaked pie crust

Put ingredients for filling together in saucepan and cook over low heat until thick. Spread between two layers of unbaked pie crust in long cookie pan. Slash upper crust, brush with milk. Bake until golden brown in 350° oven. Cut into squares.

Vase of Autumn Leaves

Ida Elaine James

Spared awhile from chilled oblivion,
These branches rise in gracious dignity
Fired to new beauty by the frost and sun,
Cut from the shelter of the mother-tree.
For yet a little time the eye may see
Their beauty, shaped like hands as though to hold
All of remembered summer history
Before consigned to winter's unfeeling cold.

Stripped of their homely mission to protect
The nesting bird, to shelter children's play,
To weave still tapestry and so deflect
Discomfort of the sun's late fiery ray,
They still grant hospitality, and hold
Beauty a moment more against the cold.

June I. Hunsaker's Hobby: Human Relationships

JUNE I. Hunsaker, postmistress at Honeyville, Utah, specializes in human relationships. Old and young have learned to accept her as a public servant in every respect. Whenever a person has a load too heavy for his shoulders, he spends a little extra time buying his stamps and getting his mail, so that he can share his burden with someone who cares.

One day a little girl came to the window with a letter she had written to "Daddy in Warope." The postmistress handled this situation in a way similar to the procedure used in handling the many letters addressed to Santa Claus each year. The little ones are never disappointed through her lack of understanding.

Mrs. Hunsaker has been editor-in-chief of personal and circular letters to missionaries and servicemen. She has been active in many positions in the Church, and has served as a ward Relief Society president and as a stake president. She is a lovely mother and grandmother, and a devoted friend to the entire community.

Recompense

Velda Allphin Neilson

My neighbor planted chrysanthemums
Along her picket fence.
I'm sure she doesn't know my joy,
Nor even vaguely sense
How much these blooms assuage my soul —
And call for recompense.

Orchids in the Snow

Chapter 6

Rosa Lee Lloyd

Synopsis: Sharon and Sam Wynter, newlyweds, on their way to Fairbanks, Alaska, from Utah, make many friends, including Angus McFarland, a widower, his daughter Marie, and Susan Elge from Bristol Bay, who has brought her husband Herman to Anchorage for an operation. Arriving in Fairbanks, Sharon meets Sister Jensen, President of the Branch Relief Society, who rents her a log cabin. Sister Jensen also takes Sharon to visit Mary Billings who is blind. Marie McFarland visits Sharon in Fairbanks, and when Sharon becomes ill and finds that she is expecting a child, she sends to Utah for her Aunt Jewel, a nurse. McFarland brings Jewel in his plane from Anchorage to Fairbanks.

THREE weeks later Sharry was feeling so much better she was up and dressed most of the time. Sam was expected home from his trip into the icy Northland.

"Dr. Fillmore thinks you have done remarkably well," Jewel said, as they sat together in the living room sewing on a fluffy baby quilt.

"It's because of your good care," Sharry answered.

"Give Dr. Fillmore credit, too," Jewel said. "He is an excellent doctor."

"Oh, he is," Sharry agreed, her brown eyes twinkling. "And he thinks I have a super excellent nurse. That's why he comes so often — to see my nurse."

Jewel's cheeks pinked up.

"I'm glad he's been so nice to you," Sharry went on. "He's taken you to the best places in Fairbanks. Marie says his home is one of the finest in Central Alaska. Any woman who can interest Dr. Fillmore is real lucky, Marie says."

Jewel was silent as she stood up, smoothing her apron. Her eyes were sea-green.

"I'll have to hurry," she said. "I'm going to luncheon with him today."

"But it's only eleven o'clock," Sharry said, looking at the clock. "There's loads of time."

"I want to brush your hair before I leave," Jewel explained. "You must look your prettiest for Sam. You really need a hair trim. We'll go up to the beauty shop next week, now that you're strong enough to go places. In the meantime, I'll do the trimming job."

It was a very good job, Sharry thought as she looked in the mirror after Jewel had gone with Dr. Fillmore. Sam would be pleased because she wasn't so pale and wispy as when he went away. Jewel had brushed her black hair in a shining halo around her face and she was wearing the white quilted robe that Sam liked best. She sat in the big chair before the fireplace with Nuzzle in her lap, as she waited for Sam. The little dog had been a great comfort to her during these long weeks while she had been ill. Sam had remade the doghouse, but Sharry wanted Nuzzle inside the cabin most of the time.

Suddenly Nuzzle lifted his head and barked. Then his tail began to wag as he ran sniffing to the door. A minute later Sam stepped on the porch.

"Anybody home?" he called out gaily.

Sharry ran to meet him, throwing her arms around him. He held her as though he would never let go of her again.

"It's been a thousand years!" he whispered against her cheek. "A thousand, frozen, white years!"

"Was it a hard trip?" she questioned.

"Lonesome," he answered. "I could stand the freezing weather and the job was interesting, but I was so lonesome for you—it seemed forever. Now . . ." he held her off at arm's length, looking her over, "you're up and dressed. You look right perky."

"I feel well, too," she assured him.

Sam stooped to pick up Nuzzle who was whimpering for attention. Then he looked around the cabin with a grateful smile.

"I love this place," he said. "It's been great fun to make it livable. I haven't had a real home before this one. Dad was an engineer, Mother died when I was six. I lived in boarding schools, boys' clubs, fraternity houses. Then I became an engineer, too, living here and there, any old place."

He patted Nuzzle, who had cuddled in his arms.

"I've never owned a dog before," he said. "This is the first time I've had a real home."

Sharry swallowed hard. This was Sam's real home, and she was homesick for another home in a faraway city. What kind of wife was she? she asked herself. She loved him with all her heart, and yet she could not tell him she would make Alaska her real home. Whenever he mentioned the unfinished Gilmore house and how he hoped to save money enough for a down payment when the estate was settled, she always changed the subject.

"ARE you hungry?" Sharry asked.

He shook his head.

"I can wait till dinner. Where is everybody?"

He took off his parka and fur cap. His red hair bushed up. Sam's hair was always a delight to Sharry. All the men he worked with had crew-cuts. So Sam had his crew-cut before he left, but now it had grown into red waves again. She hoped their baby would have Sam's red hair.

"Aunt Jewel has gone to luncheon with Dr. Fillmore," she told him.

"Again?" he asked, one eyebrow above the other. "What about McFarland? Or is it true that absence makes the heart grow fonder for the other fellow?"

"She had letters from McFarland every day or two," Sharry answered.

"You women!" Sam said. "A fellow never knows how he rates. Even when he's married he wonders what she's thinking — if she's happy — what more he can do."

Sharry followed him to the kitchen where he hung his parka on a hook near the range.

"Sam . . ." she touched his arm, "you know I love you — and you have made me happy. You've done everything you could."

Sam was facing the wall. She could not see his face. There was a long pause, then he asked, "Did your guitar arrive?"

"Oh, yes. We can both play a little. Marie has a good voice —

not trained or anything, but rich and full of life. She's such fun, Sam. I'm so glad she's here in Fairbanks."

"So am I," he said. "She's good for you. Let's get the guitar. I feel like a song, too."

Sam loved to sing. He and Sharry had worked out a duet by the time Jewel returned at four o'clock. She came breezing in as though she had enjoyed herself. She was having more fun now than she had ever had before.

"It's almost dark out there," Jewel laughed. "All the children on their way home from school were romping and playing. They don't even miss the sunshine."

"Why should they?" Sam asked. "Kids are kids in any climate. They're used to the dark."

"That's right," Jewel agreed. "We passed an electric-lighted football field, and Dr. Fillmore says that skating on the frozen lakes in this weird darkness is one of the greatest sports up here from freeze-up in the fall to breakup in the spring."

THERE was a loud thumping at the door. Nuzzle barked and wagged his tail. Marie came in, laughing and waving a telegram over her head.

"I've got a message!" she called out. "My Dad wants us all to come to Bristol for a visit. We can fly to Anchorage in my plane — he'll have a special plane take us to Bristol from there."

"What fun!" Sharry said. "Oh, Sam — please — I want to go."

"Sounds great!" he said. "I think I can get a few days off. How about it, Jewel? Can Sharry ride that far?"

Jewel's cheeks were a rosy pink. "We'll ask Dr. Fillmore," she said. "I hope he'll say yes. It sounds wonderful."

Marie said, "Uncle Herman is eager to hear us play our guitars. He's starved for music. Big Joe plays the harmonica for him, but he lives way up the coast."

"Stay for dinner, Marie," Sharry coaxed. "We're having beef stew — real beef Dr. Fillmore got from Matanuska Valley. And biscuits."

Marie shook her head.

"I can't — I promised Oscar I'd go skating at Harding Lake. The northern lights are bright in the sky tonight. It's magic."

A dog growled outside.

"Fudge is with me," Marie explained. "He wants Nuzzle to come out."

"Nuzzle. . . ." Sharry looked at Sam. "Where will we leave Nuzzle?"

"Oscar will take him," Marie said. "I asked him. So it's all set, if Dr. Fillmore says okey. I'll radio Daddy soon as we know. He'll go up to the schoolhouse in the morning for my message. See you after the skate."

Sharry was so excited about the trip that Jewel suggested she go to bed when she had eaten her dinner.

"Take it easy, dear," she coaxed. "Dr. Fillmore said the trip would be good for you, if you don't get too excited or too tired."

Sharry's eyes were star-bright.

"Just imagine!" she said, "I'll have Sam for a whole week, day and night. I love him terribly, Aunt Jewel. I want him near me every minute."

Jewel put an extra quilt over her,

then she sat down on the side of the bed.

"I've been thinking," she said. "Dr. Fillmore told me today that the Gilmore estate is settled. He has his bid in for it. He thinks it's a good investment. I have some money saved, Sharry. I want to lend it to you and Sam for a down payment. I think Dr. Fillmore will help us get it. That will be a perfect home for you and Sam — with the baby."

The stars blinked out of Sharry's eyes. She did not want a home in Alaska, even the Gilmore home with its view of Mt. McKinley from the picture window. She could not bear another long dark winter away up here.

"Oh, no," she said. "Please, Aunt Jewel, I'm not ungrateful — I love you for offering, but — I don't want it. Don't tell Sam about it. . . ."

Jewel's eyes darkened with unbelief. The usual sweet curve of her lips faded away.

"I — didn't know — how you felt," she said. "I'm sorry, dear."

She shut the door quietly behind her. Sharry turned her face toward the wall and wept.

Kenny was right, she thought brokenly. Sam was married to a doll baby. She could not measure up to what was expected of a wife.

* * * * *

THEY arrived in Anchorage at noon the next day.

"Marie, you're some pilot," Sam said, as they ate their luncheon at the Big Hand Cafe. "That was a real smooth ride down here."

"Thanks to the weather," Marie answered. "The ride to Bristol may be something else again. But we'll have a good bush pilot — Dad will see to that. So hold on tight."

But the ride in the violet light of midday was so magically beautiful that they didn't notice it was rough.

"The farther north you go in Alaska, the more daylight in the summer and the more darkness in the winter," Sam explained to Sharry. "It's not so dark here, as we're much further south than Fairbanks."

The earth beneath the plane was in shadow as they flew over the heavily wooded country. The mountains loomed ahead, huge jagged peaks in the deep turquoise darkness like silent sentinels.

"Look now," Marie called from the seat across the aisle which she shared with Jewel. "We're flying over the treeless tundra. Those dun-colored spots on the snow are caribou. What a huge migration! Maybe five thousand. That means food for many people. It's a tragedy up here when we don't have caribou on the march!"

"That must be reindeer over there," Sam said, "and moose."

The pilot lowered the plane and roared full-throttle over the herd so everyone could get a closer look at them.

It was a new and thrilling experience for Sharry. But soon the coloring of the sky and the shimmering tundra beneath them made her drowsy and she slept against Sam's shoulder.

The swooping of the plane and the sound of excited voices awakened her, as the pilot set the plane down carefully on the long white landing field, near the salmon factories on the coast of Bristol Bay.

Marie was the first one out of the plane.

"Button up, Sharry!" she called back. "There's a stiff wind."

"Hello! Hello!" McFarland said to everyone, smiling down from his great height. His parka and fur cap made him look like a giant. Sharry watched closely as he greeted Jewel. He held her hands in both of his, looking at her searchingly from fur cap to boots.

"I'm glad you're here," he said in a special voice for her.

"Come on, you two," Marie yelled gaily. "We're riding sled. May I drive, Daddy?"

McFarland shook his head.

"This lead dog is stubborn," he told her. "It'll take a man who is more stubborn to handle him. You should learn to drive while you're up here, Sam."

Sam laughed. "I'll learn to ride this thing first," he said. "I feel as if I'm sitting on the ground."

AFTER they were seated, McFarland tucked a bearskin robe around each of them. Then he unwrapped a bundle of gay colored woolen scarves.

"Susan made these," he said. "Wrap them over your cap, then across your face like this. This wind is full of ice splinters. We only ride two miles, but we go fast.

"That's our home," he said, "the big frame house on the hill. The smaller house nearby belongs to Mama Sue and Uncle Herman.

"Look around a minute before we start," he said. "Those low flat buildings over there are the canneries. The Bay opens into the Bering Sea and it's loaded with salmon. Most of the salmon you have home comes from up here. That higher building with the tall chimney is where we smoke salmon. That little square building is my office."

He turned and faced inland. "All those houses are built alike, facing the bay. Each one has a kennel for dogs."

He called to the lead dog. They moved forward in a flutter of snow. The wind beat against them. Sharry hung on with both hands.

Susan was in the doorway when they arrived. The house was warm, and the inviting odor of baking fish greeted them.

"Salmon roasted," Marie called out. "You'll love it, Sharry."

"I know I will," Sharry said. She had decided to try everything they served no matter what it was.

She liked the dinner Susan had prepared. The table was set in the large living room before the fireplace; the cloth was a heavy woven tan material with golden threads in it and the knives and forks had bone handles. The dishes were yellow pottery.

Sharry noticed the potatoes were extra white and fluffy. Susan mentioned how grateful the people were now that they could buy potatoes in powdered form.

"We couldn't have them very often because they froze," she said.

"But not the biscuits," McFarlaand chimed in. "Susan's biscuits are made from the bottom up."

Herman, who was lying on the lounge, had his dinner on a tray.

"They are the very best," he said.

Marie took him another, dripping with butter.

"We brought our guitars, Uncle Herman," she said.

"I'm ready any time," he said. "I've been longing for music."

SHARRY loved the dessert, although she could not tell what the ingredients were. Marie watched her as she ate another spoonful.

"Good, huh?" she questioned. "This is my very favorite."

Sharry tasted it thoughtfully. It was iced and rich with some kind of fruit.

"We call it *agrootuk*," Susan said. "It's a native dish. Any child can make it. It's preserved berries, melted fat, sugar, and snow."

"Sounds simple," Marie laughed. "But it's tricky to make. Mine doesn't taste like Susan's!"

Susan was bright with pleasure at their praise.

Dogs barked outside. McFarland lifted his head, listening.

"Not my dogs," he said, puzzled. He got to his feet to open the door.

"Hello, McFarland!"

A young man in his early twenties greeted him. His face was beet-red beneath his cap.

"Johnny Forbes! Come in. Come in."

McFarland introduced him to his guests.

"You look half frozen, John. Here, take off your parka. You know better than to go near that fire. Thaw out gently, boy. What brought you in on a night like this?"

"My wife," he said, his voice tightening. "She's awful sick. I've come for Susan."

No one spoke. The wood in the fireplace crackled and shot flame. Everyone looked at Susan. The brightness had faded from her face.

"Katie has a lot of faith in Susan," Johnny said. "She pulled her through last winter. Remember, Susan?"

Susan nodded. Her dark eyes went to Herman, and Johnny followed her glance. The expectancy went out of his face. He could see that Herman was ill. Susan would not leave him for anyone.

"I'm sorry, Johnny," she said, her voice ready to break like a dry twig. "I wish I could help you. . . ."

"I can help you, Johnny. . . ."

Jewel's voice was calm in the quiet room. "I am a professional nurse. Please — take me to your wife."

"But it's ten miles away!" Marie said. "Clear up to Silver Fish Point. Jewel is a stranger up here. It's dangerous in this wind."

"I'm a nurse," Jewel said. "I want to help you, Johnny."

"I'll take her myself!" McFarland said in his commanding voice. "Marie, fix John some dinner while I get the dogs out. Susan, see that Jewel wears some of your long underwear. Sam, you can help me with the dogs."

Sharry sat in shocked silence watching the preparations. Aunt Jewel was making a trek into an icy wilderness. Her face was calm, and her eyes were clear and steady as she patted Sharry's shoulder, then followed Johnny out into the wind-swept night.

Marie closed the door against the wind and leaned back against it.

"There is a storm brewing on the bay," she said. "The trail will be snow-covered."

"McFarland will get there," Susan said. "He always gets where he wants to go."

(*To be continued*)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society.*

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Elva D. Cusworth

SANTA MONICA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) HANDWORK DISPLAY AT RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION, May 14, 1960

Left to right: Blanche Clayton, First Counselor; Annie M. Ellsworth, member, General Board of Relief Society; Santa Monica Stake President E. Garrett Barlow; Elsa T. Peterson, member, General Board of Relief Society; Elva D. Cusworth, President, Santa Monica Stake Relief Society; Audra Enfield, Second Counselor.

Sister Cusworth reports: "We are so grateful for these inspiring conventions. Our stake president spoke to us, giving us a great awareness of our responsibilities as mothers and leaders. Sister Peterson and Sister Ellsworth brought to us not only a spiritual feast, but much information, giving us a renewed desire to serve more completely in our assignments. What a great blessing it is to belong to this inspired organization."

The articles on the display tables are samples of the handwork made in the wards to be sold at the fall bazaars.

Photograph submitted by Cora Hansen

PARK STAKE (UTAH) RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR QUARTERLY CONFERENCE AND VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, June 1960

Front row, fourth from the left: Solvig Steen, organist; fifth from the left: Lucile Higgs, chorister. Beginning seventh from the left, stake Relief Society officers: Cora Hansen, President; Dora Williams, First Counselor; Hazel Ferrin, Secretary; Bessie Martin, Second Counselor; at the right on the front row: Mahacah Tauffer, guest violinist.

Sister Hansen reports that these Singing Mothers also presented the music for Relief Society Convention in August 1960, and that their beautiful singing has been an inspiration.

Photograph submitted by Irene C. Lloyd

HOLLADAY STAKE (UTAH) CONDUCTS DRESSMAKING PROJECT, June 1960

Left to right: Joyce Jordan; Genevieve Smith; Lois Beck; Audrie Kennington, First Counselor, Holladay Stake Relief Society; Irene C. Lloyd, President; Ethel Hennefer, Second Counselor; Maxine Cook, work meeting leader; Ruth Vanderlinden; Lucille Allred.

Right, at the sewing machine: Pat Clayton.

Elsine Caldwell, representing Holladay Fourth Ward sewing project, was out of town when the picture was taken.

Sister Lloyd reports: "This picture was taken in June 1960 of a group of sisters who are teaching the fundamentals of dressmaking and plain sewing. Each of these sisters made a blouse and learned pattern fitting, how to put in zippers, how to make all kinds of hems, and the steps necessary to complete any article of clothing. We are indebted to Sister Melba Christensen, work meeting leader of Winder Stake, for instructing our sisters. Several of the classes have been completed, and new ones are starting again. We feel that these classes and the instruction have been a wonderful thing for the sisters of Holladay Stake.

Photograph submitted by Electa P. Hilton

ALBUQUERQUE STAKE (NEW MEXICO) VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, May 7, 1960

Left to right: Electa P. Hilton, President, Albuquerque Stake Relief Society; Colleen B. Lemmon, Education Counselor; Gaye Schofield, Los Alamos Ward visiting teacher message leader; Nita W. Bushman, Work Meeting Counselor, Albuquerque Stake.

Sister Hilton reports: "We were so pleased with this year's convention and would like to express our appreciation for the film 'Unto the Least of These.' It is truly a work of art which greatly impressed the sisters who attended the convention. The program carried out the theme set by the film, and each visiting teacher was given a booklet containing the convention program and the visiting teacher messages for the summer months. The cover of the booklet featured a beautiful picture of the Savior, to remind each sister that she does indeed follow in the footsteps of the Master when she serves as a visiting teacher.

"Perhaps the most outstanding contribution to the convention was made by Gaye Schofield, visiting teacher message leader of the Los Alamos Ward. With the assistance of her seven young children, she baked and decorated 200 small, heart-shaped cakes and brought them from her home, a hundred miles away, to be served to those attending the convention. Her lovely spirit, together with the inspiring film and the music provided by the Singing Mothers, touched the hearts of all who were present and caused many of the sisters to feel, for the first time, the importance of visiting teaching."

Photograph submitted by Annabell W. Hart

OAKLAND-BERKELEY STAKE (CALIFORNIA) PRESENTS DRAMATIZATION "LEGACY" AT CLOSING SOCIAL

Left to right: Reader, Education Counselor Phyllis Warnick; June Smith, representing Mrs. Dwight; Emma Harmon as Mrs. Franklin; Dorothy Stone as Mrs. Hamilton; Elaine Evans as Mrs. Jefferson; Vera Weindorf as Mrs. Crevecoeur; Mary Burton as Mrs. Byrd; Veda Linford as Mrs. Paine; Roma Sabine as Mrs. Penn; Rose Clark as Mrs. Woolman.

Annabell W. Hart, President, Oakland-Berkeley Stake Relief Society, reports: "Each year we try to present something relating to the past year's lessons. Last year we used theology material; the year before was social science. This year, following the literature presentation by stake board members, the film 'Unto the Least of These' was shown. We then went to the recreation hall where all the wards had displays of work meeting accomplishments, and luncheon was served to 300 women. An enjoyable day was had by all."

Photograph submitted by Holly W. Fisher

SOUTH AFRICAN MISSION, PRETORIA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS VISIT RELIEF SOCIETY MEMBERS BY BICYCLE

In front: Magrieta G. Faber, President; at the back (left): Fransiena H. Smit, Counselor.

Holly W. Fisher, President, South African Mission Relief Society, reports that these faithful sisters "very often pedal their bicycles, with children on behind, ten or

more miles per day to visit sick or inactive members of their branch. They are both converts to the Church. Prior to this they belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church and spoke Africaanse in the home. It has just been this past year that they have been able to give talks and prayers in English. Now they do it freely. Sister Faber's judgment and wisdom concerning Relief Society work are amazing, considering the short time she has been in the Church.

"This is only one of many such examples of devotion and integrity to the Lord's work expressed by the Relief Society sisters of the South African Mission. Although their numbers may be small, their service is great in the sight of the Lord."

Photograph submitted by Catherine W. Aposhian

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, VIRGINIA NORTH DISTRICT CONVENTION AND CLOSING SOCIAL, May 21, 1960

Front row, left to right: Bobbie Lohr; Betty Cease; Florence Dudley (seated), honored for her many years of service to Relief Society; Beatrice Maddex; June Gayek, Secretary.

Back row, left to right: Mary Cummings; Viola Snow, First Counselor; Tursell Larsen, President; Doris Dudley, Second Counselor.

Catherine W. Aposhian, President, Central Atlantic States Mission, reports: "The Virginia North District Relief Society held a district convention and closing social May 21, 1960, in the Charlottesville Recreation Hall. The program began with a congregational song and prayer, after which Florence Dudley of Charlottesville, the oldest member of Relief Society in the district, was honored for her long years of service in Relief Society and in the Church. She was given a seat of honor on the stage and was crowned Relief Society Queen for the day by District Relief Society President Tursell Larsen, and presented with a Relief Society pin from the district officers. Sister Viola Snow, First Counselor, presented Sister Dudley with a corsage of yellow roses tied with blue ribbon. Her crown was also blue and gold, the Relief Society colors. Doris Dudley, Second Counselor, read a tribute to her. The queen reigned over the remaining program of music, five skits, readings, and a lovely fashion show conducted by Doris Dudley. A cookie contest was judged, and dozens of plates of prize cookies were served with sherbet and punch in the social hour. Many lovely articles were displayed and judged, with the tri-color ribbons going to four of the women for their entries in the different contests. About seventy-five Church members were in attendance."

Photograph submitted by Clarice May Woolley

KEARNS NORTH STAKE (UTAH) PRESENTS "LEGACY," April 8, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right: Bessie Abbott and baby; Louise Harmon; Joan Steed; Barbara Scoville.

Back row, standing, left to right: Alta Carrington; Joyce Craven; Fern Etta Young, stake literature class leader; Iris Oscarson; Mary McHenry; Flora Anderson; Pat Labrum.

Clarice May Woolley, President, Kearns North Stake Relief Society, reports: "The dramatization of 'Legacy' was presented April 8, 1960, under the direction of Fern Etta Young. Brother Robert Anderson narrated the script, and Joyce Craven presented the background music. Performing in the play were ward Relief Society leaders. 'Legacy' was presented at the closing social of our leadership meeting, and climaxed the series of literature lessons presented during the year. Nina Despain is First Counselor in Kearns North Stake Relief Society, and Nola Rae Hansen is Second Counselor; Nina R. Jorgenson is Secretary-Treasurer."

Willow in Autumn

Christie Lund Coles

The willow tree has changed her dress
To one of golden amber, yellow fringed;
For in the night, she, too, was touched by frost,
And all her summer loveliness was singed;

Yet, still, when much more sturdy trees are spent,
Golden, she moves and glistens in the breeze,
For there is strength in beauty, and I think
The willow is most beautiful of trees.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 28—The Law of Consecration

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 42:30-42, 53-55, 70-73)
For Tuesday, January 3, 1961

Objective: "And inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me . . ." (D & C 42:31).

Review

When the law to the Church was promised, we learned that there was considerable poverty among the saints. The Lord informed the Prophet Joseph Smith that when that law was revealed, his plan for caring for the poor would be given. (See D & C 38:15-22, 32, 41.) Although this is not the only subject matter of this great revelation, as we have learned, it is an important part of Section 42, and the subject of many later revelations.

Up to this time our study of this revelation has included the laws of preaching the gospel and of moral conduct. As our lessons have indicated, the living of the moral law is fundamental in "working out one's salvation." When a person becomes acquainted with the law of consecration, it is apparent that, as a basis for living this law, the moral teachings of the gospel are directly related to the successful operation of the law of consecration.

Man's Struggle

The basic wants of man are known to be food, clothing, and shelter. In order for a man to obtain these for himself and family, he has to struggle with his environment as the principal factor in accomplishing this purpose. When the law was promised, the Lord revealed that he had made the earth rich and that the saints would partake of those riches. (See D & C 38:16-20.) After the law of consecration was given, the Lord also made known that he would provide for his people in his own way. Furthermore, that every man is a steward in his sight and that ample riches of the earth are available for man. (See D & C 104:13-14, 17.)

Several systems or plans for giving security to man have been devised. The Lord, however, has revealed that pertaining to his saints there is a way which will give security in accordance with the way in which his plan is lived.

And it is my purpose to provide for my saints, for all things are mine.

But it must needs be done in mine own way . . . (D & C 104:15-16).

The Lord's Way in the Past

There are two instances in the scriptures where the Lord's people lived the law given to them to the extent that there was neither rich nor poor among them. The first of these was in the days of righteous Enoch and his people. Although there were wars and contentions among the people of other lands, Enoch's people lived the laws of God to the degree that they were blessed exceedingly.

The fear of the Lord was upon all nations, so great was the glory of the Lord, which was upon his people. And the Lord blessed the land, and they were blessed upon the mountains, and upon the high places, and did flourish.

And the Lord called his people ZION, because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness; and there was no poor among them (Moses 7:17-18).

Following the visit of the resurrected Christ to the Nephites on the American Continent, a reign of righteousness was inaugurated and continued for about 165 years. The record of this period is an informative one because it makes known the means by which their happy condition was achieved. (See 4 Nephi 2-3, 15-16.)

The New Testament example of a similar instance of having "all things common" is not as clear as the latter account. The record states that there was some division of property among the saints in the meridian dispensation. (See Acts 2:41-47.)

In addition to the all-important condition of morality which existed among the members of the Church in these earlier dispensations, we discover another principle which the Lord informed our own dispensation was necessary for the successful living of the Lord's law. It is given in Section 38, as follows: ". . . I say unto you, be one; and if ye are not one ye are not mine" (D & C 38:27).

"All Things Common"

In commenting upon the practice of the New Testament saints having "all things common," Elder Albert E. Bowen furnishes the following observation based upon the commentaries of others:

In relation to the matter of their having all things in common it is interesting to note that the Primitive Church apparently did not long continue the practice. Gibbon relates that the rule was early relaxed so as to permit of individual undertakings and was finally supplanted by the law of tithing. (I Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, p. 416-417). In this connection Dummelow's *Bible Commentary*, page 824, says: "The Church of Jerusalem recognized the principle of private property. A disciple's property really was his own, but he did not SAY it was his own; he treated it as if it were common property. The Anabaptist principle that private property is unlawful finds no support in the Acts. The communism was voluntary (*The Welfare Plan*, pp. 15-16).

In the thinking of some people of our own times, there is an association of the law of consecration with having things in common to the extent that they believe it is in agreement with communism of today. In 1838, the Prophet Joseph Smith set down in print some questions which were most frequently asked him, as he said, in order to save himself the

trouble of repeating them over and over again. Among these was this one: "Do the Mormons believe in having all things in common?" His answer was "No" (*D. H. C.* III:23). As indicated, in part, in Lesson 25 on the background of Section 41 (the first revelation received by the Prophet in Kirtland, Ohio), some members of the Church in that place had been organized in an effort to live as the early Christians are said to have lived, having all things common. Concerning the Kirtland branch, the Prophet wrote:

> The branch of the Church in this part of the Lord's vineyard, which had increased to nearly one hundred members, were striving to do the will of God, so far as they knew it, though some strange notions and false spirits had crept in among them. With a little caution and some wisdom, I soon assisted the brethren and sisters to overcome them. The plan of "common stock," which had existed in what was called "the family," whose members generally had embraced the everlasting Gospel, was readily abandoned for the more perfect law of the Lord; and the false spirits were easily discerned and rejected by the light of revelation (*D. H. C.* I:146-147).

As we shall see in our brief discussion of the law of consecration, it is neither communistic nor communal.

The Law of Consecration

The Lord's way of providing for the poor required that the individual consecrate or give to the Church all of his property. This was to be done by deed or legal title.

> And behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support that which thou hast to impart unto them, with a covenant and a deed which cannot be broken (D & C 42:30).

Following this introduction to the law of consecration, the revelation continues with these words:

> And inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me; and they shall be laid before the bishop of my church and his counselors, two of the elders, or high priests, such as he shall appoint or has appointed and set apart for that purpose.
>
> And it shall come to pass, that after they are laid before the bishop of my church, and after that he has received these testimonies concerning the consecration of the properties of my church, that they cannot be taken from the church, agreeable to my commandments, every man shall be made accountable unto me, a steward over his own property, or that which he has received by consecration, as much as is sufficient for himself and family (D & C 42:31-32).

Again, emphasis is given to the consecration as belonging to the Church, but the donor is to become a steward over that which he has consecrated or properties which may not have belonged to him. As noted in the verses above, the standard or measure of one's stewardship is "as much as is sufficient for himself and family." In Section 51, Edward Partridge, and those chosen by him, are to ". . . appoint unto this people their portions, every man equal according to his family, according to his circumstances and his wants and needs" (D & C 51:3). Although this and other revelations point out that men are to be equal under the law of consecration, the words just quoted describe the manner in which the men are to be equal. In pointing up this fact, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., Counselor in the First Presidency, says:

Obviously, this is not a case of "dead level" equality. It is "equality" that will vary as much as the man's circumstances, his family, his wants and needs, may vary (*Conference Report*, October 4, 1942, page 55).

If, however, there would arise a difference of opinion between the agent of the Church and the member, over the amount to be received as a stewardship, the Prophet Joseph Smith wrote the following to Bishop Edward Partridge:

. . . every man must be his own judge how much he should receive and how much he should suffer to remain in the hands of the Bishop. I speak of those who consecrate more than they need for the support of themselves and their families.

The matter of consecration must be done by the mutual consent of both parties; for to give the Bishop power to say how much every man shall have, and he be obliged to comply with the Bishop's judgment, is giving to the Bishop more power than a king has; and upon the other hand, to let every man say how much he needs, and the Bishop be obliged to comply with his judgment, is to throw Zion into confusion, and make a slave of the Bishop. The fact is, there must be a balance or equilibrium of power, between the Bishop and the people, and thus harmony and good will may be preserved among you.

Therefore, those persons consecrating property to the Bishop in Zion, and then receiving an inheritance back, must reasonably show to the Bishop that they need as much as they claim. But in case the two parties cannot come to a mutual agreement, the Bishop is to have nothing to do about receiving such consecrations; and the case must be laid before a council of twelve High Priests, the Bishop not being one of the council, but he is to lay the case before them (*D. H. C.* I:364-365).

From the foregoing and other places yet to be noted, it should be clear to all that the principle of free agency is an important part of this order. The difference between this law and that of communism, as known today, lies in man's freedom to act. This fact and another one in connection with this law is further indicated in the answer to this and a related question: Is it intended that the donor of property in receiving a stewardship have legal title to the stewardship received from the Church? The revelation answering this question states:

And let my servant Edward Partridge, when he shall appoint a man his portion, give unto him a writing that shall secure unto him his portion, that he shall hold it, even this right and this inheritance in the church, until he transgresses and is not accounted worthy by the voice of the church, according to the laws and covenants of the church, to belong to the church.

And if he shall transgress and is not accounted worthy to belong to the church, he shall not have power to claim that portion which he has consecrated unto the bishop for the poor and needy of my church; therefore, he shall not retain the gift, but shall only have claim on that portion that is deeded unto him (D & C 51:4-5).

Not only was the person to consecrate his property to the church by legal deed and thus surrender all claim to the property, but the stewardship received as a member of the order was to be his own. Private property is a fundamental part of the operation of the law of consecration. But what if the member of this order is no longer worthy to continue in the Church, is the property deeded to him his own or that of the Church? From the foregoing revelation the answer is that he has claim on the stewardship

deeded to him. This answer also points up the fact of free agency in that a person may leave the order and yet still retain his property.

The Bishop's Storehouse

As a member of the order produces surpluses from his stewardship or there are residues arising from the original consecration beyond what the donor has consecrated to the Church, provision is made in the revelations for the use of these portions. These conditions are expressed in our text in this manner. (Read D & C 42:33-34.)

Not only were these residues to be used for the poor, but also for the building up the kingdom of God upon the earth, as the revelation indicates:

> And for the purpose of purchasing lands for the public benefit of the church, and building houses of worship, and building up of the New Jerusalem which is hereafter to be revealed (D & C 42:35).

In a later revelation, the Lord makes known that children are to be maintained from the parents' stewardship, but if the time should come that they are unable to provide a stewardship for their children of age, the Lord's storehouse is to provide for them. It also indicates:

> And the storehouse shall be kept by the consecrations of the church; and widows and orphans shall be provided for, as also the poor (D & C 83:6).

Law of Remuneration

Provision is made in verses 70 through 73 of Section 42 for those who labor in a full-time capacity for the Church to have their families supported out of the general funds of the Order. (See *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, page 234, for a comment on these verses.)

Summary

The law of consecration, also known as the United Order (not to be confused with the Orders operated between 1877 and 1884 in the West), required that the donor of property consecrate his wealth by legal title to the agent (bishop) of the Church. In return, the consecrator would receive a stewardship, also called an inheritance, by legal title or deed, which secured his inheritance by law. If he left the Order, this stewardship would be his own; thus, the law of consecration was not communistic because of the principles of free agency and private property. The surplus arising from the "working" of the stewardship, beyond the circumstances and wants and needs of the family, would be placed in the bishop's storehouse for the care of the poor, widows, orphans, and the building up of Zion. Additional stewardships would also come, in part, from this source.

History of the United Order

In the spring of 1831, members of the Church from New York State began arriving in the Kirtland, Ohio, area. A branch of the Church from Colesville, New York, settled at Thompson, Ohio, where they were given the privilege of organizing themselves according to the law of consecration. (See D & C 51:15.) That this branch of the Church was to remain in Ohio for only a short time is evident from the revelation, for they were to receive another commandment about their location

at some future time. (See D & C 51:16.) In the meantime, however, they were to act as though they were to be in Ohio "for years." (See D & C 51:17.) It was only a matter of months until the faithful members of this branch were commanded to gather in Missouri. (See D & C 56:5-7.) It was during the time of the saints' sojourn in Jackson County, Missouri, that further attempts were made to live this law.

The United Order Discontinued

By revelation, the Lord set the law of consecration in abeyance until such time as the saints would again be established in Missouri to build up the city of Zion. (See D & C 105:34.) One reason for the failure of this law to remain in force, as reported in *The Evening and Morning Star*, was that "there has not been enough consecrated to plant the poor in inheritances." A reason for this condition was that many, before coming to Zion, had given their property away, and sacrificed some, resulting in their not having property which could be made available for consecration. (See *D. H. C.* I:381.) It should also be remembered that, due to other weaknesses of the saints, they did not measure up to the standards necessary to live this law. (See D & C 101:6-8; 105:2-6.) The persecution of the Church in Missouri shortened the time when the law of consecration was in force among the saints.

Although some members in Illinois, the place of gathering after the expulsion of the saints from Missouri, felt that the law of consecration should be lived, the Prophet Joseph Smith said to the Iowa High Council at a meeting in Montrose:

> . . . that it was the will of the Lord that we should desist from trying to keep it; and if persisted in, it would produce a perfect defeat of its object, and that he assumed the whole responsibility of not keeping it until proposed by himself (*D. H. C.*, IV:93).

Revocation of Commandments

Does the Lord command or give his people the privilege of living a law and then revoke that command? The word of the Lord is definite in this regard, as evidenced in the modern revelations. (See D & C 56:1-4.) An example from the New Testament may be appropriately referred to when the Lord commanded his disciples not to take purse and scrip (baggage), but subsequently, when circumstances and conditions were different, he counseled them to take purse and scrip (Luke 22:35-36; Mt. 10:9-10). Another example in our dispensation when conditions released the saints from compliance to a command was the building of the temple in Jackson County, Missouri. Due to circumstances, the persecution of the saints, this commandment was also placed in abeyance. (See D & C 124:49-51.)

Conversion Necessary

It is evident from the revelations already referred to in this lesson, that obedience to the law of consecration requires that the members of the Church live on a high moral plane, keeping the commandments to the extent that they are able to eliminate greed, selfishness, dishonesty, and other barriers to living the great commandment — to love one's neighbor as oneself.

The testimony of the gospel is a necessary step in the accomplishment of this purpose, but there remains the fact that one must still, as a member of the Church, be "born again." (See Alma, chapter 5.)

The Welfare Plan

Over two decades ago, by revelation to the leadership of the Church, there was inaugurated the Welfare Plan. Conditions at that time brought into existence a program designed to meet the circumstances of the times. Through the years since 1936, this program has made great advances in the accomplishment of the objectives which brought it into being. The existence of the "bishop's storehouse," originally a part of the law of consecration, is known to all Latter-day Saints. The accumulated stocks of food, clothing, and other materials in these buildings for the use of faithful members of the Church in need, have demonstrated the complete justification for such a plan.

To some in the Church, however, there is another reason for the Welfare Program other than to take care of the present needs of the people. Appropriate to this lesson are the remarks made in a General Conference by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., of the First Presidency, when he compared the Welfare Plan with the law of consecration.

We have all said that the Welfare Plan is not the United Order and was not intended to be. However, I should like to suggest to you that perhaps, after all, when the Welfare Plan gets thoroughly into operation — it is not so yet — we shall not be so very far from carrying out the great fundamentals of the United Order.

In the first place I repeat again, the United Order recognized and was built upon the principle of private ownership of property; all that a man had and lived upon under the United Order, was his own. Quite obviously, the fundamental principle of our system today is the ownership of private property.

In the next place, in lieu of residues and surpluses which were accumulated and built upon under the United Order, we, today, have our fast offerings, our Welfare donations, and our tithing, all of which may be devoted to the care of the poor, as well as for the carrying on of the activities and business of the Church. After all, the United Order was primarily designed to build up a system under which there should be no abjectly poor, and this is the purpose, also, of the Welfare Plan.

In this connection it should be observed that it is clear from these earlier revelations, as well as from our history, that the Lord had very early to tell the people about the wickedness of idleness, and the wickedness of greed, because the brethren who had were not giving properly, and those who had not were evidently intending to live without work on the things which were to be received from those who had property. (D & C 56:16-20)

Furthermore, we had under the United Order a bishop's storehouse in which were collected the materials from which to supply the needs and the wants of the poor. We have a bishop's storehouse under the Welfare Plan, used for the same purpose.

As I have already indicated, the surplus properties which came to the Church under the Law of Consecration, under the United Order, became the "common property" of the Church (D & C 82:18) and were handled under the United Order for the benefit of the poor. We have now under the Welfare Plan all over the Church, ward land projects. In some cases the lands are owned by the wards, in others they are leased by the wards or lent to them by private individuals. This land is being farmed for the benefit of the poor, by the poor where you can get the poor to work it.

We have in place of the two treasuries, the "Sacred Treasury" and "Another Treasury," the general funds of the Church.

Thus you will see, brethren, that in many of its great essentials, we have, as the Welfare Plan has now developed, the broad essentials of the United Order. Furthermore, having in mind the assistance which is being given from time to time and in various wards to help set people up in business or in farming, we have a plan which is not essentially unlike that which was in the United Order when the poor were given portions from the common fund (*Conference Report*, October 3, 1942, pp. 57-58).

Questions for Discussion

1. Tell of the times before our dispensation when the Lord's people have tried to follow an order which would provide for their economic welfare. What principles were necessary to follow in order that the system be successful?

2. What did the Prophet Joseph Smith say in reference to having all things in common?

3. What are some of the principles in the law of consecration?

4. Wherein does the law of consecration differ from communism today?

5. For what purpose were the surpluses arising out of the law of consecration to be used?

6. Discuss: The Lord revokes a commandment.

7. According to President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., what lesson might one receive as to the purpose of the Welfare Plan in reference to the law of consecration?

8. What responsibilities does Relief Society have in the Welfare Plan?

Visiting Teacher Messages—

Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 28—"Thou Shalt Not Be Idle. . . ." (D & C 42:42)

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, January 3, 1961

Objective: To avoid being idle, we must be actively engaged in a good cause.

IN this nuclear, automated, busy life, most of us would be shocked if we were accused of being idle. In our rush from task to task and from responsibility to responsibility, the majority of us can't seem to stretch our twenty-four-hour days far enough to accomplish all we wish to do.

Could this commandment possibly apply to us today? Despite the rush of our lives, could we still be guilty of being idle? What is meant by being idle?

Socrates said, "Not only is he idle who is doing nothing, but he that might be better employed." The dictionary tells us that idleness is not the absence of action, but that it denotes vain action. It is the absence of useful, effective action.

Then, the question we might ask

ourselves is this, are we avoiding idleness by using our time to the best advantage? If we are willing to accept this interpretation of the meaning of idleness, when we clutter our lives with futile, vain, or trifling activities, we are guilty of being idle. Likewise, if we allow our time to be consumed in aimless pursuit, if we do not improve ourselves, the situation of our neighbor, or the character of our environment, we are idle.

Fully aware of our human tendencies to "busy" ourselves with idleness, our Father in heaven, through his prophets over the ages, has repeatedly warned us to use our time constructively. We are told that "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread . . ." (Gen. 3:19); and "Thou shalt not be idle; for he that is idle shall not eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer" (D & C 42:42).

In applying this commandment to our own lives, we must not overlook the fact that idleness has spiritual and mental as well as physical implications. Regardless of how busy we may be in a physical sense, many of us may actually be idle in developing ourselves mentally and spiritually. If we fail to use our time constructively, to develop ourselves mentally and spiritually, we cannot hope to ". . . eat the bread nor wear the garments of the laborer." The food which nourishes us spiritually and mentally we ourselves must prepare, no one else can do it for us.

In his epistle to Timothy, Paul chides the members of the Church for being idle.

> . . . wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not (I Timothy 5:13).

Ezekiel, in describing the sins and iniquity of Sodom, said:

> . . . pride . . . abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy (Ezekiel 16:49).

The story is told of an individual who had a dream about a large building where people came to buy back precious time they had squandered. First came a young man who said, "I have been promised an important position if I am prepared to take it. But I am not prepared. The two years I should have spent in study I used in frivolous pastimes. Let me buy back those two years of time." Next in line was an older woman who said to the clerk, "When it was too late, I discovered that God had given me great talents which I failed to develop. Sell me back ten years that I might be the woman I could have been."

With the gifts of life and free agency we can, if we so desire, organize our time so as to employ it advantageously. In exercising our free agency in this modern day, we should avoid cluttering our minds with shoddy literature. We should shun the wastefulness of trashy movies, TV shows, and radio programs. Unless we are extremely selective, these can consume our precious hours. These wasteful activities often press in on us and make us think we are busy when, actually, our time could be better used for beautiful, useful, and soul-satisfying activities.

We should also be deeply grateful for the wonderful opportunities

of avoiding idleness through service in the Church. In the wide variety of activities offered in the Church program, we can develop our talents while serving others.

Let us strive to place the right appraisal upon the values in life. Then shall we know the joys and satisfactions of a life free from idleness.

Work Meeting— Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Lesson 4 — Making the Patient Comfortable

Maria Johnson

For Tuesday, January 10, 1961

Objective: To become aware of the importance of good posture for the patient in bed and the need for frequent change of position. To learn how to arrange pillows, make the patient's bed, and to use improvised equipment and other devices that will help to hasten the patient's recovery.

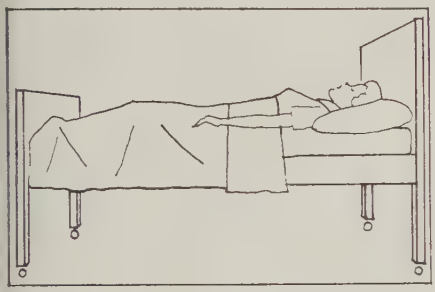
Good Posture in Bed

IT was comparatively recently that the importance of the patient's posture in bed and the need for frequent change of position became an essential part of nursing care. Today good posture for the patient in bed is recognized as important, as is good posture when walking, standing, or sitting. Resting in bed is usually thought of as a very comfortable state; yet lying in bed does not insure rest. It can be very tiring if the body is not properly supported. To have a low backache when one gets up in the morning or after a nap is frequently the result of poor posture while lying in bed. A sagging mattress that prevents good posture is often the offender.

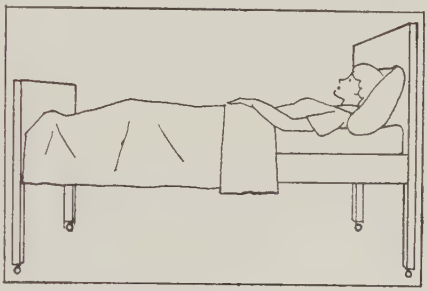
Movement and good posture go hand in hand. The healthy person, in her daily activities and when sleeping, shifts her position frequently. No one is expected to stand for any length of time without, in some way, altering her position; likewise, no patient, unable to move herself, should be left for long periods of time without a change of position. Change of position prevents fatigue, deformities, and undue pressure on areas where bedsores may develop. These patients must have encouragement and assistance in moving.

Today, patients are encouraged to do as much for themselves as their condition permits. The physician will advise as to their limitations. It is now common practice in hospitals for maternity patients, and for many surgical and medical patients, to be allowed to get out of bed and do some walking about. Many go to the bathroom; some can take their own sponge baths when the equipment is prepared and placed within easy reach. A patient may need some help, such as washing the back. If she can wash only her

face, she is encouraged to do that much. Some patients, and their relatives, interpret this as neglect due to shortage of nurses. This is not so. This activity is a part of the treatment necessary to speed recovery. Activity is essential for the normal functioning of all parts and organs of the body, and the patient who moves about gains her strength back much more rapidly than the patient who is inactive. Be sure to get the doctor's advice as to how much activity the patient may have.



RIGHT POSITION IN BED
Pillow is under shoulders and head.



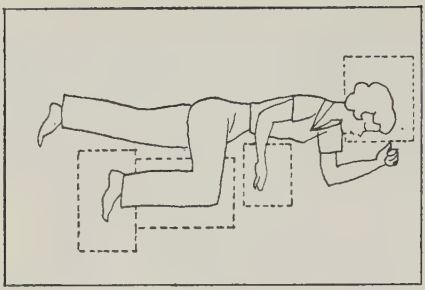
WRONG POSITION IN BED
Head thrust forward on chest.

I — *Devices for Improving the Patient's Posture and Ensuring Her Comfort (Do not neglect to watch your own posture; review rules given in Lesson 3.)*

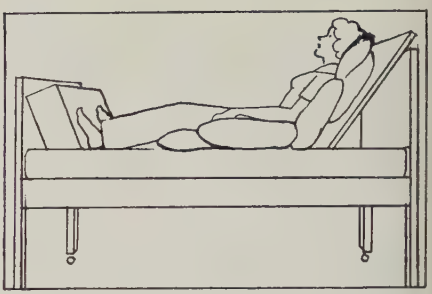
Among the most common devices are pillows. Full-sized, large pillows have many limitations. You will need a variety of sizes, large, small, hard, and soft. There is no one best way to arrange pillows since the size and hardness or softness play a big part in how effectively they can be used. The key to all arrangements is the alignment of the patient's body. Always make certain that the head is not thrust forward on the chest. When the patient *lies on her back* arrange the pillow under her shoulders and head. (See illustrations.) If there is space at the end of the mattress, the feet can extend over the mattress, instead of resting on a pillow. The head is pushed out of alignment by the pillow and the feet are stretched out of normal position. For the *side-lying position* see illustration. Note the pillow is under the head but not under the shoulder. There is also support for the upper arm, leg, and foot.

For a *semi-sitting position,* the back, neck, and head may be supported with two or three pillows, staggered so each overlaps part way. You may need an extra small pillow to tuck in so the head will be in good position. When the patient is propped up in a higher position, you need a hard surface, such as an upholstered chair cushion or cardboard box, cut to fit, to use as a base for the pillows.

A footrest supports the feet and also protects the toes from the weight of the covers. Note the roll under the knees in the illustration. A roll under the knees must be used with caution, and for short periods of time only. If the legs are supported with a roll day after day, the under leg muscles will shorten so the patient will be unable to straighten them out when she is ready to walk.



SIDE-LYING POSITION

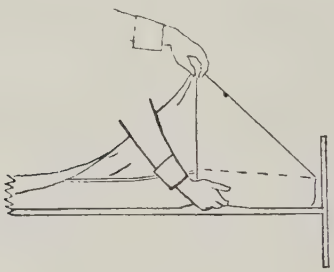


PILLOW ARRANGEMENT WITH BACK REST FOR HIGH POSITION

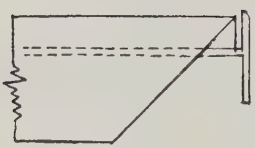
II—*Points to Observe When Making the Bed for a Sick Patient*

1. Linen under the patient must be smooth and free from wrinkles at all times. This means it must stay tight; for the patient who does not move about, a wrinkle or crumb can, in a few hours, mean the beginning of a dreaded bedsore.
2. To make the bed tight, allow about 15 to 18 inches to tuck in at the head of the bed and make square corners at the sides. (See illustrations.)

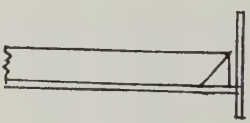
TO MAKE A SQUARE CORNER



Step 1



Step 2



Step 3

3. Use long strokes when tucking in the linen so it will be smooth, not rumpled, under the mattress, and will stay tucked in.
4. Use a drawsheet over the lower sheet. This is a folded sheet or a special narrow cotton sheet about four feet wide, extending from the patient's shoulders to her knees, and long enough to tuck in 15 or 18 inches on each side. This helps to keep the linen tight and is easy to change if the bed becomes soiled.
5. If the patient uses the bedpan or has any condition or treatment that may wet the bed, a rubber or waterproof protective sheet, such as oilcloth, is used under the draw sheet. It should be several inches narrower than the cotton sheet.
6. If the protecting sheet is not long enough to tuck in on both sides, stitch a piece of muslin on each end long enough for a 15 or 18 inch tuck in. It will wrinkle if not tucked in well.
7. When putting on the upper covers, provide for toe room. This may be done by making a wide box pleat lengthwise in the sheet and blanket or by making a wide fold across the foot of the bed.
8. Most bedspreads are heavy and hard to keep clean on the sick bed. A sheet makes a good cover and gives the patient a sense of ease as she does not fear getting it soiled from crayons, books, etc.

Key Points in making a comfortable bed: clean linen; tight, smooth lower sheets; top sheet and blankets high enough to cover the patient's shoulders; a pleat at the bottom for toe space; protection for the mattress.

IV — *To Change the Linen Under a Sick Patient*

1. Put bath blanket over patient and remove top covers and pillows.
2. Have patient move to far side of bed and turn on side facing away from you.
3. Loosen the linen and roll first the lower sheet then the cotton draw sheet toward center of the bed and well under the patient.
4. Fold the rubber draw sheet over the patient, as it will not be necessary to take it off the bed.
5. Make up this side of the bed: place the lower sheet with the lengthwise fold in the center of the bed; fanfold the top half next to the patient. Tuck in the lower half at top of the mattress, then at the side.
6. Bring the rubber sheet in place and tuck it in.
7. Place the clean cotton draw sheet in place with the center fold in the center of the bed. Fold the top half as you did the lower sheet and tuck in the lower half.
8. Go around to the other side of the bed.
9. Have the patient move to the opposite side.
10. Take out the soiled linen.
11. Pull the clean sheets in place and tuck them in. Be sure the sheets are pulled tight and that no wrinkles are left in the bed.

Note: If a patient is able to sit in a chair, make the bed while she is sitting up.

V — *The Overbed Table*

You will find many uses for the overbed table. It is easy to improvise. One simple way is to cut both long sides of a large carton. A larger table can be made from a card table; however, a card table will not fit over a standard single bed. Turn under two legs and prop this side of the table on books or hard cushions and let the other legs rest on the floor. They will need to be supported on a stool or something so as to make the table level. The large table can hold a variety of things of interest to the patient — books, cards, crayons, toys, etc. A child soon tires of one thing and becomes restless. She will be much more content to stay in bed if she can change from one interest to another.

Literature—America's Literature Comes of Age

Lesson 20 — Natty Bumppo, American Fiction-Hero

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

(Textbook: *America's Literature*, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 221-223)

For Tuesday, January 17, 1961

Objective: To acknowledge Cooper's Natty Bumppo as creating and symbolizing the wild beauty of primitive America.

Cooper, Frustrated Idealist

IN a very real sense James Fenimore Cooper loved his vision of the Ideal America so wholeheartedly and so belligerently that it killed him. Too democratic for Europe, too aristocratic for Jacksonian America, for almost the last twenty years of his life he fought with full, manly vigor to defend the unswerving integrity of his dream of what America should be. Never did he admit that he was a leader without a party defending a cause forever past. While staying in English hotels he had become infuriated with reading the insults penned onto the hotel registers following names whose homes were listed as "U. S. A." Understandably, his fury was more intense when, upon returning to the country he had defended so staunchly, he thought its inhabitants had degenerated into a vulgar, money-mad mob.

In that age of rowdy expansionism, when such terms as "liar" and "garbage" were journalistic commonplaces, Cooper soon got what he had asked for by his frontal attack on his sensitive, ambitious, and proud countrymen. The public press lambasted him as "assassin," and "leprous wretch," making him the most popular novelist but the most unpopular man in America. The amazed, frustrated Cooper became so embittered that he instructed his family to allow no "official" biography ever to be written, which gave his oldest, most loyal daughter her justification for burning most of his personal papers and for having his most personal journals buried with her at her own death.

If Cooper's intention was alienation, he was successful, for without such personal materials, literary historians have found it most difficult to create a picture of Cooper. In another sense, this intentional destruction has proved fortunate, since it intensifies the artistic and cultural creativity within his novels as essential expressions of Cooper himself. The greatest value, however, lies in his novels creating a great national symbol which revealed a system of belief not only to the countrymen of Cooper's own day but to a sympathetic audience of international scope through time. Ever since the end of the Revolution in 1783, the United States had been striving to establish a literary independence from Great Britain, but before Cooper, the new Nation had never had a symbol which could possibly assert it.

Cooper, then, assumes dual importance: he was the first American to write frankly about his country and criticize it vigorously, and he created in Natty Bumppo (hero of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*) a truly representative American symbol and

myth, by means of which American literature first achieved its unique identity.

Cooper's Conflicts

Cooper had within himself several basic conflicts intensifying the tensions within himself out of which art is produced. For example, during his years in France, he was an intimate friend of the aging liberal, Lafayette. Cooper defended the American Revolution and gave financial support to the revolt in Poland, yet, upon returning home, he feared the democratic mob. With every reason to entrench himself with the wealthy Whigs, he fought them, not so much because he believed in Jacksonian Democracy as that he feared the money-grabbing zeal of the new manufacturing and capitalistic classes. In his anti-rent trilogy (*Satanstoe, Chainbearer, Redskins*) he fought vigorously, defending the right of the landed gentry to maintain financial control of their lands, yet his most famous novels are laid beyond the frontier where no law save that of God and nature prevails.

Feeling increasingly ill at ease in lawful, civilized society, Cooper sought escape by going beyond the frontiers. He created the person he would like to be, if only he could be free of the increasingly complex problems of his world. It is in Natty Bumppo that one finds the source of his literary power and his world-wide popularity. And the emergence of Natty Bumppo (also called Deerslayer, Leather-Stocking, Long Rifle, Hawkeye, the Trapper) can be more thoroughly understood once more if Cooper's basic attitudes toward fiction are stated.

Cooper's Literary Theories

Never a novelist so much as a moralist masquerading in the literary costumes currently in vogue, Cooper regarded fiction as a lesser form of literature than poetry, yet for him fiction was a means of earning a good living and, more important, for getting his personal convictions into circulation. Resigning himself, therefore, to use the novel as he found it, he used stale plots, created wooden characters, and, when his imagination was not fired by his subject, employed the stiff formalities of language then accepted as a badge of quality and social station. Just a few of the trite, wornout phrases from the pages of *The Last of the Mohicans* show some of the qualities of language which Bret Harte and Mark Twain burlesqued: "feverish suspense," "scalding tears," "babbling brook," "the gun poured out its fatal contents," "he gnashed his teeth with rage," and "the savage grated his teeth together like rasps of iron."

In his novels Cooper was both a realistic and a romantic writer. He was drawn to realistic writing in reaction against the popular horror of Gothic romances and the sob-seduction-sentiment romances which flooded the bookshops. Also, he believed an American novel should include as much of real America as it possibly could, presenting actual conditions as they really were. To tell the *moral truth* as he saw it was the basis of his books and the frequent debates they contained.

Cooper, be it always remembered, was fundamentally the moralist who wished to depict ideal characters and actions. Because these virtues could best be brought

to imaginative life in romance, he laid the *Leather-Stocking Tales* (*The Pioneers, The Deerslayer, The Last of the Mohicans, The Prairie, The Pathfinder*) in a place distant in time and beyond the frontier. In such idealized surroundings, Natty Bumppo was truly in his element. Here are to be found lore about the mysterious Indian, pursuit, escape, suspense, the serene majesty of unspoiled nature; here, the reader's heart absorbs Natty's virtues into himself as if they were his own; here lies the great western dream fulfilled.

Natty Bumppo

On May 25, 1831, Cooper wrote from Paris to his nephew in Cooperstown:

> Your Aunt Pomeroy is afraid we shall become too Europeanized for home. She knows little of our tastes or wishes. . . . Now my longing is for a wilderness — Cooperstown is far too populous and artificial for me, and it is my intention to plunge somewhere into the forest, for six months in the year, at my return.

It was this "longing . . . for a wilderness" in Cooper which gave birth to Natty who symbolized the "wilderness of liberty" which both Cooper and his age associated with the millions of acres of land lying to the west still unspoiled by such cruel, wolfish squatters or frontiersmen as Ishmael Bush in *The Prairie*.

In another sense, Natty combines the strongest moral qualities of civilization and Christianity. And, while his original creation of Natty in *The Pioneers* (1823) was undoubtedly a spontaneous product of Cooper's intuitive genius, it is in his 1850 Preface to the *Leather-Stocking Tales* that Cooper precisely states his true identity and significance:

> A leading character in a work of fiction has a fair right to the aid which can be obtained from a poetical view of the subject. It is in this view, rather than in one more strictly circumstantial, that Leather-Stocking has been drawn. The imagination has no great task in portraying to itself a being removed from the everyday inducements to err, which abound in civilized life, while he retains the best and simplest of his early impressions; who sees God in the forest; hears him in the winds; bows to him in the firmament that o'ercanopies all; submits to his way in a humble belief of his justice and mercy; in a word, a being who finds the impress of the Deity in all the works of nature, without any of the blots produced by the expedients, and passions, and mistakes of man. This is the most that has been attempted in the character of Leather-Stocking.

Cooper's greatest artistic accomplishment was to combine in this one romantic poetic character three great culture-forces of pre-Civil War America: (1) the intuitive wisdom and the ecstatic feeling of being continuously reborn, which romantic lovers of nature believed they, too, would feel were they to walk alone amid the untainted, primeval grandeur of America's western Eden; (2) the eighteenth-century tradition of "gifts" and station which sustained the high concepts of gentle manliness and honor and kindness produced out of generations of blood-proud, name-proud family ties; and (3) constant reference to Christian ethics and piety as guides for action in judgment: the "good" man is dominated by quiet, strong reverence for all forms of life in nature, including all humankind. Courageous yet gentle, chaste while loving all God's creations, he is never tainted by temper or hatred, and kills either animal or human reluctantly, and only when he must do so to survive.

Thus Cooper is the first American writer to achieve the full stature of creating myth, or an artistic, symbolic creation containing those drives and beliefs within a culture which are so strong, so automatic, so basic that often they are not formally stated.

As a romanticized idealization of what strong, unspoiled, believing man should be, Natty Bumppo is "as great a hero as Homer's Achilles or Virgil's Aeneas," to quote an anonymous Englishman who wrote Cooper his esteem for Leather-Stocking, his best-loved character in fiction. Homer's *Illiad* and *Odyssey* were memorized and chanted aloud by Homer's own and later ages, so completely were those works loved, so definitely did they give a mirroring identity to that ancient people. In identical manner Cooper gave a fictional body not only to the idealized wish-fulfillments of the nineteenth century, but to our day of electronic communication as well. For Gary Cooper in chaps, six-guns, steely eye, and quiet drawl is the spirit-child and worthy representative of his sire, James Fenimore Cooper. The locale (beyond the "law"); the morality (good men vs. bad men) with virtue, honesty, and uncanny nature-lore always triumphant; the eternal pursuit-escape-suspense "in-the-nick-of-time" rescue — all these are Cooper's creations. Little could Walt Whitman know how truly he spoke when he acknowledged Cooper's great achievement as being "from everlasting to everlasting." No longer does one speak of "the vanishing West" with clear conscience, for never has the Old West been more featured than now. If Cooper did not create the historic Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett, at least he created them imaginatively in their blood-brother, Natty Bumppo, who, through his endless imitations, seems to enjoy more imaginative power in our century than in his own.

The Poetic Cooper

Despite Cooper's weaknesses in language, plot, and characterization already noted, the *Leather-Stocking Tales*, as unified by Natty Bumppo, are his enduring monument. As proof that Cooper was not entirely aware of what he had created, note how the series begins with *The Pioneers* (1823) which depicts Leather-Stocking as a man in his early seventies living in about 1793 amid surroundings very similar to those of early Cooperstown, basically a realistic book. The series ends with *The Deerslayer* (1841) in which Leather-Stocking is about twenty-three, living about 1740, really a poetic vision of Leather-Stocking's birth into maturity and manhood. In *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826) our hero was in his mid-thirties, while in *The Prairie* (1827) Leather-Stocking, a man of eighty or more years, dies at the end of the book, only to be resurrected in *The Pathfinder* (1840) thirteen years later. In the order of composition, then, the shape of the *Leather-Stocking Tales* is from reality to poetry.

The excerpts in our text from *The Last of the Mohicans* fairly represent two apparent sources of Cooper's popular appeal: Chapter XXXII is filled with cunning, courage, suspense, and the deaths of the villainous Magua and the virtuous Uncas. Chapter XXXIII is a senti-

mental tableau surrounding the slain Cora as, with fittingly excessive displays of emotion, she is prepared for burial.

But as reminders of Cooper's great story-telling gifts, consider first the strong feeling of place and the specific details of reality he catches in Chapter I of *The Pioneers*:

Near the center of the state of New York lies an extensive district of country, whose surface is a succession of hills and dales. . . . It is among these hills that the Delaware takes its rise; and flowing from the limpid lakes and thousand springs of this region, the numerous sources of the Susquehanna meander through the valleys, until, uniting their streams, they form one of the proudest rivers of the United States. . . . The vales are narrow, rich, and cultivated, with a stream uniformly winding through each. Beautiful and thriving villages are found interspersed along the margins of the small lakes, or situated at those points of the streams which are favorable for manufacturing; and neat and comfortable farms, with every indication of wealth about them, are scattered profusely through the vales, and even to the mountain tops. . . .

Now compare the above combination of romantic scene and realistic detail written in 1823 when Cooper was just beginning his career, with the tone of pure poetic beauty and majesty in the following excerpts from Chapter VII of *The Deerslayer* written in 1841, eighteen years later, when the mature Cooper is fully aware of the mythic qualities he has created in Natty - Leather - Stocking - Deerslayer - Hawkeye. The chapter tells how, at dawning, significantly the hour of epic events in Cooper, innocent young Deerslayer kills his first Indian, which becomes his baptism into maturity. Note also how the chapter exemplifies the three great forces: nature worship, chivalric manliness, Christian forgiveness.

Day had fairly dawned before the young man . . . again opened his eyes. . . . His rest had been deep and undisturbed; and when he awoke, it was with a clearness of intellect and a readiness of resources that were much needed at that particular moment. The sun had not yet risen, it is true, but the vault of heaven was rich with the winning softness that "brings and shuts the day," while the whole air was filled with the carols of birds, the hymns of the feathered tribe. . . .

He searches for the canoe which he must find and protect from the Indians at all costs.

The canoe adrift being directed by no such intelligence, pursued its proper way, and grounded on a small sunken rock, at the distance of three or four yards from the shore . . . then it rose a hairsbreadth on an almost imperceptible swell of the water, swung round, floated clear, and reached the strand. All this the young man noted, but it neither quickened his pulses, nor hastened his hand. . . . As Deerslayer drew nearer and nearer to the land, the stroke of his paddle grew slower, his eye became more watchful, and his ears and nostrils almost dilated with the effort to detect any lurking danger. . . . Equally free from recklessness and hesitation, his advance was marked by a sort of philosophical prudence that appeared to render him superior to all motives but those which were best calculated to effect his purpose. . . .

When about a hundred yards from the shore, Deerslayer rose in the canoe, gave three or four vigorous strokes with the paddle. . . . He was in the very act of raising the rifle, when a sharp report was followed by the buzz of a bullet that passed so near his body as to cause him involuntarily to start. . . .

The Indian reveals himself rashly.

This was the moment the young man desired. He rose on the instant, and levelled his own rifle at his uncovered foe; but his finger hesitated about pulling the

trigger on one whom he held at such a disadvantage. This little delay probably saved the life of the Indian. . . .

Leaping ashore, Deerslayer enters the temple of nature and sees the Indian's arm move as he reloads behind an oak.

. . . Nothing would have been easier than to spring forward and decide the affair by a close assault on his unprepared foe; but every feeling of Deerslayer revolted at such a step, although his own life had just been attempted from a cover . . . it struck him as an unfair advantage to assail an unarmed foe. His color had heightened, his eye frowned, his lips were compressed, and all his energies were collected and ready; but, instead of advancing to fire, he dropped his rifle to the usual position of a sportsman in readiness to catch his aim, and muttered to himself, unconscious that he was speaking: "No, no — that may be redskin warfare, but it's not a Christian's gift. Let the miscreant charge, and then we'll take it out like men; for the canoe he *must* not, and *shall* not have. No, no; let him have time to load, and God will take care of the right!"

The two greet each other, bow, converse, shake hands, then walk in apparent friendship to the canoes. As they part, Deerslayer glances at the Indian, but, ashamed of his distrust, begins to launch his canoe, when, in a lightning glance, he sees the Indian preparing to fire at him. Almost in a single motion he cocks and fires his rifle "aiming almost without sighting," and though the Indian throws his tomahawk, he is mortally wounded. Deerslayer takes him to the lake for the drink he requested, then places his head in his lap, which the Indian might regard as a preliminary to his being scalped, but Deerslayer reassures him:

"All inmity atween you and me's at an ind, red-skin and you may set your heart at rest on the score of the scalp, or any further injury. My gifts are white, as I've told you; and I hope my conduct will be white also!"

The Indian understands his good intentions, and:

With the high, innate courtesy that so often distinguishes the Indian warrior before he becomes corrupted by too much intercourse with the worst class of the white man, he endeavored to express his thankfulness for the other's good intentions, and to let him understand that they were appreciated.

Dying with composure, he renames Deerslayer "Hawkeye" and expires. Hawkeye braces the body up in a dignified sitting posture overlooking the lake, then soliloquizes:

I didn't wish your life, red-skin . . . but you left me no choice atween killing, or being killed. Each party acted according to his gifts, I suppose, and blame can light on neither. . . . And why should I wish to boast of it a'ter all? It's slaying a human, although he was a savage; and how do I know that he was a just injin; and that he has not been taken away suddenly to anything but happy hunting-grounds? When it's onsartin whether good or evil has been done, the wisest thing is not to be boastful — still, I *should* like Chingachgook to know that I haven't discredited the Delawares or my training!

If ever our modern industrial, scientific, busy world were to be replaced by an ideal existence amid the simple goodness of a pure, moral, beautiful human society, Cooper's creation should receive prime consideration. It is admittedly a never-never land of beauty too lovely to be granted to mortals; it is, in addition, so originally American as to

be universal and therefore beyond time.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Discuss Cooper's opinion of fiction as a form of writing.

2. Do you feel Natty Bumppo to be truly a myth? A true American? A true American creation?

3. Discuss Cooper as a symbol of America's literary independence.

4. Who were Achilles and Aeneas?

Social Science—Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

Lesson 10 — Expanding Our Religious Horizons — Part III — Man's Relatedness to the World

Elder Blaine M. Porter

For Tuesday, January 24, 1961

Objective: To discover how our philosophy of man's relatedness to the world influences our potentialities for spiritual living.

Introduction

THE purpose we find in life and the value we place upon people are important in determining the kind of relationship we establish with God, the kind of relationships we establish with our fellow men, and the potentialities we possess for spiritual living. One of the most exciting aspects of religious experience is the wondering, the marveling, the becoming aware of life and of one's own existence, and of the puzzling problem of one's relatedness to the world. Socrates' statement that "wonder is the beginning of all wisdom" could also be applied to the religious experience. One who has never been bewildered, who has never looked upon life and his own existence as phenomena which require answers, and yet paradoxically for which the answers are mainly new questions, has missed an important and enriching kind of religious experience.

Need for Religious Orientation

The need for a system of orientation and devotion is an intrinsic part of human existence. Everyone has a religious need. Man is free to choose between different types of ideals and religious values. Man may worship the sun, thunder, idols of gold or stone, an invisible God, or tyrannical leaders. He may worship his ancestors, his political party, money, or success. His religion may be conducive to the development of destructiveness or of love; power and domination over others or of brotherliness. The question is not religion or no religion, but which kind of religion. Does one's orientation and approach to life seek to serve mankind and the unfolding of man's human powers for good, or does it seek to dominate, enslave, or otherwise exploit mankind? This question is basic and needs to be answered honestly and objectively.

Exclusive Philosophy

The recorded religious history of man reveals that from a very early period, many people believed in a

tribal deity, and today we still have those who believe in a God who looks with favor only upon the elect. And, likewise, there are some who seek to exclude and restrict those who appear to be different, so that many of the rights and privileges God intended man to have are denied to many.

An exclusive philosophy seriously limits the religious horizons of a person and is likely to spell ultimate disaster in the nuclear age unless it is essentially removed.

Inclusive Philosophy

An approach which wholeheartedly subscribes to the philosophy of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man not only allows, but encourages an individual to reach out to his fellow men with warmth in all directions. It is the philosophy based on the premise that all human beings are born free and equal in their right to be respected and granted the human dignity to which any child of God is entitled. The impartiality and inclusiveness of God are demonstrated in the following passages of scripture:

> Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:
>
> But in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him (Acts 10:34-35).

> Where there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all (Colossians 3:11).

> For behold, my beloved brethren, I say unto you that the Lord God worketh not in darkness.
>
> He doeth not anything save it be for the benefit of the world; for he loveth the world, even that he layeth down his own life that he may draw all men unto him. Wherefore, he commandeth none that they shall not partake of his salvation. . . .
>
> Hath he commanded any that they should not partake of his salvation? Behold I say unto you, Nay; but he hath given it free for all men; and he hath commanded his people that they should persuade all men to repentance.
>
> Behold, hath the Lord commanded any that they should not partake of his goodness? Behold I say unto you, Nay; but all men are privileged the one like unto the other, and none are forbidden (2 Nephi 26:23-24, 27-28).

This approach recognizes that all the children of God should have the opportunities and privileges which will help them develop and maintain the dignity and self-respect to which every human being is entitled.

Latter-day Saint Views

The gospel of Jesus Christ as revealed to Latter-day Saints offers some of the greatest challenges ever presented to man for living creatively with his fellow men. As Latter-day Saints, we wholeheartedly subscribe to the belief of the brotherhood of man and sense a responsibility to do all in our power to improve his lot and enhance his development. President McKay said:

> One of the two great, general principles to which all other principles are subsidiary is this: "Love your neighbour as yourself," (see Matt. 19:19) and correlated with it, the promise: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." (*Ibid.*, 25:40.)
>
> The gospel "bids the strong bear the burdens of the weak, and to use the advantages given them by their larger

opportunities in the interest of the common good, that the whole level of humanity may be lifted and the path of spiritual attainment be opened to the weakest and most ignorant," as well as to the strong and intelligent (McKay, David O.: *Gospel Ideals*, page 47).

The Latter-day Saint concept of respect for and responsibility to our fellow men is demonstrated in the following statements by the Prophet Joseph Smith:

. . . I am just as ready to die in defending the rights of a Presbyterian, a Baptist, or a good man of any other denomination; for the same principle which would trample upon the rights of the Latter-day Saints would trample upon the rights of the Roman Catholics, or of any other denomination who may be unpopular and too weak to defend themselves. . . .

If I esteem mankind to be in error, shall I bear them down? No. I will lift them up, and in their own way too, if I cannot persuade them my way is better; and I will not seek to compel any man to believe as I do, only by the force of reasoning, for truth will cut its own way. Do you believe in Jesus Christ and the Gospel of salvation which He revealed? So do I. Christians should cease wrangling and contending with each other, and cultivate the principles of union and friendship. . . . (*D.H.C.* V. pp. 498-499).

Our record as a group, viewed from a positive perspective, is enviable. We have sent food and other supplies to people driven from their homes by floods and other catastrophies. We have sent missionaries to people in many parts of the world to share with them a religion which we believe will enrich their lives and bring them salvation. We have been an industrious people who have been willing to share the fruits of our efforts with others. We have sponsored educational programs which, among other pursuits, have attempted to increase our understanding of man.

However, from another perspective, we have individuals among us who are prejudiced in their behavior and feelings. There are some who are reluctant to give audience to new ideas and concepts, even though they conform to basic, eternal truths, forgetting our responsibility to seek truth wherever we may find it — always testing new ideas, theories, etc., in order that we may screen out and keep that which is good. Some of us do not extend overtures of charity to others outside our group. Many of us permit the forces of evil to exist and continue without making any effort to eradicate them.

President George Albert Smith has suggested a philosophy that would enhance Christian living for all of us:

I would be a friend to the friendless and find joy in ministering to the needs of the poor.

I would visit the sick and afflicted and inspire in them a desire for faith to be healed.

I would teach the truth to the understanding and blessing of all mankind. . . .

I would not seek to force people to live up to my ideals, but rather love them into doing the thing that is right.

I would live with the masses and help to solve their problems that their earth life may be happy. . . .

I would not knowingly wound the feelings of any, not even one who may have wronged me but would seek to do him good and make him my friend.

I would overcome the tendency to selfishness and jealousy and rejoice in the successes of all the children of my Heavenly Father.

I would not be an enemy to any living soul.

Knowing that the Redeemer of mankind has offered to the world the only plan that will fully develop us and make us really happy here and hereafter, I feel it not only a duty, but also a blessed privilege to disseminate truth (SMITH, GEORGE ALBERT: *Sayings of a Saint*, pp. 24-25).

There are those among us who live their lives in this remarkable world as if it were a telephone booth. Let us try to be more concerned with our fellow men, for human beings are much more extraordinary than we sometimes realize.

Widening our Horizons

We are living in an exciting era in which man is changing the world in which he lives. The peoples of all nations of the world are truly becoming our neighbors. Not only are technological changes altering the life of man in an almost unbelievable fashion, but the aspirations of man are also changing our world. As Abraham Lincoln once said, "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present." Many people are taking a new look at colonialism, low standards of living, ignorance, and illiteracy, some established forms of economic and political organizations, some established value systems, war. To understand world-wide changes of our day is an enormous job, but an exciting one. To achieve peace and brotherhood on any secure, permanent, human basis, will require all the ingenuity, understanding, and charity which we can muster. It will require that we not only implement true principles of Christian living, but that we also effectively teach them to our children in order that they will be prepared to assume the leadership of furthering this cause.

If religion is to be allocated its rightful dignity and be allowed to make its potential contribution in our lives, we must dedicate our whole self to that which is highest and best in life. We must dedicate our whole life to creating the optimum conditions under which growth and development can take place within ourselves and others, in order to experience our Godlike nature. It means providing an atmosphere of freedom and respect of the worth of an individual, and accepting the basic premise that most people do the best they can considering their circumstances, their background, and their training.

Learning how to participate in bringing into actuality a kind of new world brotherhood of which many are dreaming is not a simple matter of learning to distinguish between right and wrong. We shall not make much progress merely by enunciating principles or by holding up ideals. We must broaden our religious horizons so that each individual from the youngest child to the oldest grandparent has a sense of moral purpose in life; a deep and an inescapable sense of personal duty to work for those things which are of supreme good to all men; a respect for the sanctity of personality; the discovery of our true emotion; and the abolishment of the evil and unpleasant in life.

We must remind ourselves, however, that the hope of a new world brotherhood is not really new. Two thousand years ago Jesus refused to find satisfaction in the common Jewish hope of a kingdom of God founded on the subjugation of the nation's enemies. His vision of a kingdom of God was not that of his

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nationalist contemporaries. Jesus' hope of a world brotherhood required tearing down the walls of hate that confined love to those whom it was easy to love. His thought involved learning to love even one's enemies. The task of expanding our horizons in order that we may creatively and lovingly extend ourselves to all men, granting them the dignity and recognition which they inherently deserve, is one of the greatest challenges before us. It is important that an individual take a careful look at his religious philosophy to be sure that he has not merely placed a thin veneer over a way of life that is not basically Christian.

President George Albert Smith has declared:

> The only way to peace for this world is the pathway of the gospel of Jesus Christ our Lord. There is no other. . . .
>
> Individual happiness and world-wide peace will not be permanent until those who dwell on the earth accept the gospel and conform their lives to its precepts. It is the power of God unto salvation to all who believe and obey. It is the kind advice of a loving Father (Smith, George Albert: *Sayings of a Saint*, pp. 11, 45).

President Clark points out great basic truths in the following excerpt:

> We ought to remember, I feel always, the truths which God has given to us. We live in revolutionary and evolutionary time. The Lord has vouchsafed to us some of the greatest discoveries of all times; he has increased beyond the wildest dreams of the most imaginative poet, our powers of transmission of speech. He has increased our powers of speed of transportation. He has discovered to us great secrets of energy which we know how to create but not yet how to control.
>
> We have looked at these things, and we have said in our hearts, and in our speech, that the old has been "outmoded." We see the results, and we believe. But it has been rather an easy transition from the

outmoding of these material instrumentalities given by God for our good (and we shall yet use them for the promulgation of truth though not yet do I catch a glimpse even of how in all cases they shall be used, but yet they will be so used) — it has been an easy transition, I say, to affirm that since the physical has become outmoded, so is "outmoded" the moral and the spiritual of the past. In the darkness they are crying out, as we have heard, for a prophet. Brother Romney said that what they need is a listening ear for the prophet they have.

But it is wholly fantastic, as I see it, for us to think that man himself is "outmoded," or his moral and spiritual past. We still have the five senses, all we learn and know and experience comes through those five senses. Man has not been given another sense by these great discoveries. Man still thinks as he has always thought, more poignantly, perhaps, more deeply in certain lines than heretofore, but he still thinks, he still speaks, he is still guided by the same great passions of love, hate, ambition, desire to serve the Lord and all the rest of it. We have not changed. We are as God made us originally, save as we have somehow in some things subverted our feelings, our passions, our urges, our ambitions.

What I would like to get to you today is my feeling that the spiritual in man, the spirit of man is in no sense whatever "outmoded." He stands today as he stood when he came from the garden. God is still God; Jesus is the Christ. There is no change in that. There has been no change in the great spiritual truths that are essential to our progress spiritually and to our eventual salvation and exaltation. Nothing is changed there.

Moreover, we of this Church have our testimony and our knowledge that God still speaks to us, that he does not permit us to wander in darkness and in silence, uninstructed, uninspired, without revelation. No principle of the gospel is more glorious than that principle of continuous revelation because we know that so often as it is necessary our Heavenly Father will again reveal to us all that it is necessary that we should know, in addition to what we now have.

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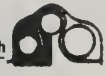

We are not moving blindly, we are not moving by the maxims of the past only. We are not moving alone, guided only by the revelations given in ancient times. We are moving forward under the revelations given in modern times and are moving forward under a knowledge that if we need further light, it shall be given to us (Clark, J. Reuben, Jr.: *One Hundred Twenty-fifth Annual Church Conference*, pp. 34-35).

Summary

The Latter-day Saint approach to God and man allows for ever-widening religious horizons. It reveals God as a Being of love and acceptance of all men, of man possessing inherently Godlike characteristics, and life being potentially good and purposeful. It teaches that man is a free agent with a moral responsibility to seek out his own salvation and to create the conditions which will be conducive and encouraging for his fellow man also to achieve this goal. It is, however, the responsibility of each of us to develop from these approaches to God and man that which will bring about a world of peace and harmony and brotherhood and which will contribute to God's work and glory "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

A knowledge of a God of love and a philosophy which embodies a mutual love between an individual and his fellow men are basic ingredients in widening our religious horizons and living spiritually in the nuclear age.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What was Jesus' answer to the lawyer who asked, "Who is my neighbor?"

2. (Homework) Let each one evaluate his own record regarding his relationship to others.

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Give me clean, new thoughts,
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Sturdy and durable.
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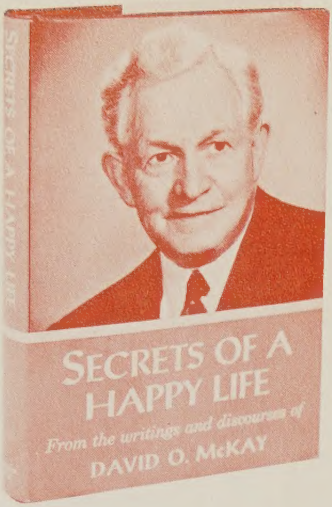

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